



VIRGIL'S  
Georgicks  
Englished.  
by  
Tho: May  
Esq.



Lo: printed for  
Tho: Walkley in Britains Burse  
1628

pro. id. com.

T. Blo. 13

Handwritten text, possibly "H. 13" or similar, partially obscured by the stamp.



X

14.

7. A

259



To my truely judicious  
*Friend, Christopher*  
 Gardiner of *Hal-*  
*leng, Esquire.*

**I** Cannot make a fitter  
 choise of any Name  
 to stand prefixed be-  
 fore this Worke, than  
 A 2 : such

## THE EPISTLE.

such a friends, who not onely understands but loves endeavours of this nature ; one as far from pride as ignorance ; and such a Reader, as I could wish all, but cannot hope to finde many. It is a Translation of such a Poet as in our age is no lesse admired, than hee was once honoured in his Romane world. To speake how learned the Poem is, how full of heights not improperly raised out of a meane subject, were needlesse to you, who so well understand the



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## THE EPISTLE.

---

the originall of it, and the pattern  
of this originall, the Poem of He-  
siod. If there were any thing  
in my paines, which might either  
offend an honest eare, or justly  
suffer a great condemnation from  
a learned Censurer, I should bee  
fearefull to commend it to you,  
whose Religion, Life, and Lear-  
ning, are so well known unto me.  
This Worke may informe some,  
delight others, it can hurt none;  
it is no new thing, (being a Tran-  
slation) but an old Worke of such

## THE EPISTLE.

a Poet , who in the Opinion  
of his owne times was an ho-  
nest man , as well as an able  
writer. Whose Poem if I have  
truely rendered, I thinke it bet-  
ter than publishing mine owne  
fancies to the World , especi-  
ally in an Age so much cloyed  
with cob-webbe Inventions, and  
unprofitable Poemes . How  
much I have failed in my  
undertaking, ( as missing the  
sense of Virgil, or not expressing  
of him highly and plainly e-  
nough )

## THE EPISTLE.

---

rough) they onely are able Iudges  
who can conferre it; and such  
are you to whose iudge-  
ment I leave it,  
and rest

Your true Friend

THOMAS MAY.

1812  
The undersigned  
do hereby certify  
that the above  
mentioned

*John C. Furber*

*his Clerk*  
17th

## GEORGICON

## The first Booke.

## THE ARGVMENT.

**T**illage, in all her severall parts, is shewne,  
 Her favouring gods, her first invention,  
 Her various seasons, the celestiaall signes;  
 And how the Plow-mans providence dojnes  
 Of future weather: what presages bee  
 From Beasts and Birds by wise antiquity  
 Drawne into rules infallible; from whence  
 The Plow-man takes despaire, or confidence.  
 What tooles th' industrious husband's work, and  
 Fro whence our Poet sadly doth bewaile,  
 That crooked Sickle turn'd to Sword, so late  
 Had drunke the blood of Rome divided State;  
 And in few years with her, many a gall wound  
 Had twice murder'd Aemathia's fatal ground.

What makes rich crops; what season might inclines  
 To plowing th' earth, & marrying clime with vines?

What care of Neat, or Sheep is to be had;  
 Of frugall Bees what trials may be made:  
 I sing, *Mecæna*, here. You lights most cleare,  
 Whole heavenly course directs the sliding yeare;  
*Bacchus*, and fostring *Ceres*, if first you  
 Did for Chaonian Mast rich Corne bestow,  
 And temper'd waters with invented (b) wine:  
 You tillage-favouring gods; ye (c) Fauns divine,  
 And virgin *Dryades* be present now:  
 I sing your bounties: and, great (d) *Neptune*, thou  
 Whole tridents stroke did first fro th' earth produce  
 A warlike horse: thou that the woods dost use,  
 Whole full three hundred snow-white Bullocks  
 Grazing rich (e) *Cæas* pasture fields upon, (ru  
 Sheep-keeping *Pæon*, with favour present bee  
 (If thy *Mænalian* flocks be deare to thee)  
 Leaving *Lycæus*, and faire *Arcady*:  
*Minerva* foundresse of the Olive tree:  
 Thou (f) youth inventor of the crooked plow:  
 And thou that mak'st the tender Cypresse grow  
 Up from the root, (g) *Silvanus*: all that love  
 Tillage, both gods, and goddesses above,  
 That growing plants can foster without seed,  
 And them from heaven with raine sufficing feed:  
 And

And thou, great *Cæsar*, whom tis yet not plaine  
What ranke of gods shall one day entertaine;  
Whether the World thy dcity shall feare,  
As Lord of fruits, and seasons of the yeare,  
Of lands and townes (with *Venus* myrtle tree  
Crowning thy head) or thou the god wilt bee  
Of the vast Sea, and *Thetis* farthest shore,  
And thee alone the Saylor shall adore,  
As *Thetis* sonne-in-law with all her Seas  
Given for a Dower; or else that thou wilt please  
To adde one signe to the slow moneths, and be  
Betwixt the ballance, and (<sup>b</sup>) *Erigone*;  
The fiery Scorpion will contract his space,  
And leaue for thee in heauen the greater place.  
What ere thou 'lt be (for hell despaires to gaine  
Thee for her King; nor thirst thou so for reigne,  
Though Greece so much th' Elysian fields admire,  
And sought *Proserpina* would not retire  
Thence with her mother) view with gracious eies,  
And prosper this my ventrous enterprife.  
Pity the Plow-mens errours, and mine too,  
And use thy selfe to be inuoked now. (Inow

When first the Spring dissolues the mountaine  
When th' earth grows soft again, sweet winds blow,

Then let your Oxen toile in furrowes deepe,  
Let use from rusting your bright plowshares keep.  
Those crops, which twice have felt the sun, & twice  
The cold, will Plow-mens greediest with suffice.  
Harvests from thence the crowded barnes will fill,  
But least the fields we ignorantly till,  
To know how different lands and climates are,  
All windes and seasons, let it be our care;  
What every Region can, or cannot beare;  
Here corn thrives best; vines best do prosper there;  
Some Lands are best for fruit, for pasture some;  
From Tmolus see how fragrant Cassiops come:  
'Mongst the Sabrans frankincense doth grow;  
Iron the naked Chalybes bestow;  
India sends ivory, Pontus beavers stone,  
Epire swift horse, that races oft haue wonne,  
These severall vertues on each land and clime,  
Nature bestow'd even from the point of time,  
When stones in th' empti'd world *Deuteron* threw,  
From whence th' hard-hearted race of mankind grew.

Therefore when first the yeare begins, do thou  
Thy richest grounds most deep and strongly plow,  
That Summers piercing Sun may ripen more,  
And well digest the fallow glebe; but poore,

And



And barren grounds about October plow  
Not deepe; in one, lest weedes, that rankly grow,  
Spoile the rich crop: in tother, lest the dry  
And sandy grounds quite without moisture ly.  
And let thy field each other yeare remaine  
Fallow, and ear'd, to gather heart againe.  
Or else thy corne thou there mayst safely sow  
Where in full codd's last yeare rich pease did grow,  
Or else where tares, or lupines last were sowne,  
Lupines that sadnesse cause; (for tis well knowne  
That oates, hempe, flaxe, and poppy causing sleep  
Do burne the soile) but best it is to keep  
The ground one yeare at rest; forget not than  
With richest dung to hearten it againe,  
Or with unsifted ashes; so tis plaine  
That changing seedes gives rest unto a field;  
And tis no losse to let it lye untill'd.  
Fires oft are good on barren carthes made  
With crackling flames to burne the stubble blade.  
Whether the earth some hidden strength do gaine  
From thence, or wholesome nourishment obtaine;  
Or that those fires digest, or purge, or dry  
All poisonous humours that in th' earth did ly:  
Or else that heat new pores, and caverns open,

Through which good iuice comes to the following  
Or else it knits the earths too open veines, (crops;  
And makes them more compact, lest falling raines  
Soake them too farre, lest Boreas piercing cold,  
Or Phœbus heat should dry the parched mold.  
And wholesome husbandry twas euer found  
Often to breake and harrow barren ground,  
And well rewarded still at *Ceres* hand.  
Nor is 't unwholesome to subdue the Land  
By often exercise: and where before  
You broke the earth, againe to plow it ore  
Crosse to the former. Let the Plow-mens prayer  
Be for moist solstices, and winters faire.  
For winters dust doth cheere the land, and draw  
So great an harvest, that rich *Mæsia*  
For all her skill obtaines not greater store,  
Nor *Ida's* hills do boast their plenty more.  
What shall I say to him that sowes his Land  
Immediately, scattering the barren Sand?  
Then brings in watering streames that wil suffice?  
And when in scorched fields all Herbage dyes:  
Lo, he from higher bending hillocks drawes  
In furrowes waters down, which gliding cause  
Among the pebble stones a murmuring sound,  
And

And with their streams refresh the thirstie ground,  
Or him, that least ranke cares should ouerlade,  
And lodge the stemme, he in the tender blade,  
Eates off the rankenes: Or that drains his ground  
With thirstie sand, when moisture doth abound  
When in the Spring, or Autumne specially  
(Vnconstant seasons) riuers swell'd too high  
Haue fill'd the drenched fields with slime, and yee  
The draining trenches with warme moisture sweat.  
Nor are these things (though they mens labors be  
And beasts) not subiect to the iniurie  
Of Geese, Strymonian Cranes, the shade of Trees,  
And growing bitter-rooted Suckoryes.  
For Ioue him selfe, loath that our liues should proue  
Too easie, first caus'd men the ground to moue,  
Fill'd mortall hearts with cares, nor sufferd he  
The world to fall into a Lethargy.  
Before Ioues reign no Plow-men till'd the ground:  
Nor was it lawfull then their Lands to bound:  
They liu'd in common all: and euery thing  
Did without labour from earths balsome spring.  
Ioue Venome first infus'd in Serpents fell,  
Taught Wolves to prey, and stormy Seas to swell:  
Rob'd leaues of honey, and hid fire from men,

And banish'd wine, which run in rivers then,  
That th' arts by neede might so in time be found;  
Come might be sought by tilling of the ground,  
And hidden fire from flints hard veines be drawn.  
Then Aldern boates first plow'd the Ocean:  
The Sailers number'd then, and nam'd each starre  
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northren carre.  
Deceiving bird-lime then they learn'd to make:  
And beasts by hunting, or by toyles to take:  
Drag-nets were made to fish within the deep:  
And casting nets did rivers bottomes sweep.  
Then iron first, and sawes were understood;  
For men before with wedges cleft their wood. (be  
Then th' arts were found; for all things conquer'd  
By restless toyle, and hard necessity.

First yellow *Ceres* taught the world to plow  
When woods no longer could afford enow  
Wilde crabs and acorns, and *Dodona* lent  
Her mast no more: then miseries were sent  
To vex the art of tillage: blastings kill'd  
The stalks, and fruitlesse thistles in the field (grow  
Prevailing, spoyl'd the corne: rough weeds did  
Of burs and brambles troubling it, and now  
Within the fields among the harvest graine

Come:

Corne-vowing darnell, and wilde oates did reigne,  
That now unlesse thou exercise the soile,  
Fright birds away, and with continuall toile  
Lop off the shadowing boughes, and pray for raie  
Devoutly still, thou mayst behold in vaine  
Thy neighbours heape of corne with envious cies  
Labouring with mast thy hunger to suffice.

The hardy plow-mens tooles must now be shorn,  
Without which corne can not be reapt nor sown.  
The flail, sled, coulter, share, and crooked plow,  
The iron harrow, Ceres wagons flow,  
Celus poole, wicker household-stuffe, and chan  
Harrowes of wood, with Bacchus mistle Van,  
All these before hand must be got by thee  
If faine thou seeke in noble husbandry.  
Fetch from the woods a fisting elme, and bow  
The same with skill, till of a crooked plow  
It take the forme, to that fasten a beame  
Eight foot in length, two eares not far from them  
The wood that holds the share; but tile-tree take,  
Or lofty beech the Oxens yokes to make,  
And tailes of plowes, which all the course do guide,  
When smoke the goodnesse of the wood hath tri'd.  
Many of the ancient rules I here could show

Vnlesse

Unlesse thou scorne to study Arts so low,  
Let thy Barns floore be digg'd, and sodder'd than  
With tuffest Clay, and then rowl'd hard againe,  
Lest it should turne to dust, or grasse should grow.  
Many mishaps may fall; the mouse below  
Oft makes her house, and garner under ground,  
And there as oft the blinde-borne moles are found  
There Toades, and many earth-bred Monsters ly;  
There little Weeuills heapes of corne destroy,  
And fragall Ants, that toyle for times to come.  
Consider thou, when Nut-trees fully bloome,  
And with their fragrant blossomes bend the tree,  
As those nuts thrive, so will thy harvests be,  
And corne in great abundance gathered.  
But if those trees in broad leaues only spread,  
Then ears, though great, but little grain wil yeeld.  
Some I haue seene, before they sow their field,  
Their seedes with lees of oyle, and nitre still  
To macerate, which makes full graines, to fill  
The flattering huskes, or else their seedes to boile.  
Seedes I haue seene chosen, and pick'd with toile,  
Yet grow ill corne, unlesse the man for feare  
Cull with his hand the greatest every yeare.  
So all things of themselves degenerate,

And

And change to worse even by the law of Fate;  
No otherwise than when a man doth row  
Against a violent streame with much ado,  
If ere he chance from rowing to refraine,  
His Boate is hurry'd downe the streame againe.  
Plow-men had need each starre as well to know  
The Kids, the Dragon, and Arcturus too  
As Sailors neede, who in rough stormes are wont  
To passe the Oyler-breeding Hellespont.  
When *Litra* first diuides the world, twixt light  
And darknesse, equalling the day and night,  
Then exercise your teames, and barley sow  
Till winter to extremity do grow.  
While yet tis dry thy hempe, and poppie sow  
Before the Winter too tempestuous grow.  
Sow beans i'th' Spring, Claue grasse in rotten soile,  
And Willet, that requires a yearly soile,  
When with his golden hornes bright *Taurus* open  
The year, & downward the crosse Dog-star stoops.  
But if thou plow to sow more solid graine  
A wheat or barley harvest to obtaine,  
First let the morning Pleiades be set,  
And Ariadnes shining coronet,  
Ere thou commit thy seed to ground, and there

Dare

Dare trust the hope of all the following year.  
Some that before the fall 6th Pleiades  
Began to sow, deceived in th' increase  
Have reapt wilde oates for wheat. But if that thou  
Disdain not Fescles, or poor Vech to sow,  
Or care to make Egyptian lentils thrive,  
Falling Bootes then to thee will give  
Signes not obscure. Begin to sow, and till  
The midst of winter hold on sowing still. (guides  
And therefore through twelve signes bright *Phœbus*  
The world, and th' earth in severall climes divides.  
Five zones divide the heavens, the torrid one  
Still red, still heated by the burning sun.  
On either side are two extremely cold,  
Which ice, and frosts, and stormes perpetuall hold:  
Twixt that and these, to comfort many estate,  
The gods have plac't two zones more temperate.  
Twixt both these two, a line th' midst is put,  
Which by the Zodiack is obliquely cut.  
And as the world is elevated to  
The Scythian North, it does declining go  
Down to the Libyan South. The North's still high  
To us, the South vnder our feet doth lye,  
Scit by the ghosts, and balefull Soys below.

The



The mighty dragon there winds to and fro,  
And like a crooked river doth passe through  
And compasse round the great and lesler Beare,  
Which to be dipped in the Ocean feare.  
There (as they say) an ever silent night  
Remaines, and darknesse never pierc'd by light,  
Or else the morne returns to them, when gone  
From us, and brings them day, when th' Eastern sun  
Doth in the mornefalute our hemisphere,  
Darke night compels them to light candles there.  
Hence we in doubtfull skies may stormes foresee,  
When a fit harvest or seed time will bee;  
Or when to plow th' uncertain seas tis fit  
With oares, or when to rig an armed fleet,  
And when pine trees are leasomably fell'd.  
Nor can this speculation vaine be hold,  
How th' heavenly signes doe rise and fall, and how  
Into foure seasons do divide the yeare.  
When storms within doores keep the husbandman  
They give him leisure to make ready than  
What they would hasten in faire weather more,  
To grinde their plowshares shulld edge, to bore  
And hollow trees for boates; the husbandmen  
Then measure corpe, and marke their cattell then.

Some

Some horned forkes prepare, some sharpen stakes,  
Bonds for the limber vines another makes;  
Panyers sometimes of Rubean twigs they make,  
Sometimes they grinde their corne, sometimes they  
For all diuine and humane Lawes allow (bakes  
On greatest holy-daies some workes to do,  
To digge a dike, or fence about the corne;  
To catch the harmefull birds, brambles to burne?  
To wash the bleating flocks in riuers cleare  
By no Religion was forbidden ere.

Some drue their Asses to the market towne  
With oyle and apples, who retorne anone  
Laden with pitch and grinding stones againe.  
The Moone did not all daies alike ordaine  
Happy for euery worke. The fift Moone fly,  
Then hell and furies first began to be.  
Then did the earth an impious birth produce  
*Typhæus, Cæus, and Iapetus,*  
That durst conspire the towers of heauen to rase.  
Thrice they indevour'd with strong hand to place  
The mountain Ossa on high Pelion,  
On that Olympus: thrice great Ioue threw downe  
Their worke with thunder. But the fourteenth day  
Is best to plant your vineyards, and assay

Your

Your new-tam'd Oxen. Then best spinning thrives;  
The ninth is safe to travell, free from Thecua.  
Some works by night are happiest brought to pass,  
Or when the morning starre bedewes the grass.  
By night your stubble and dry Meadows mow,  
For night faire moisture doth on them bestow.  
Some sit up late at winter-fires, and fit  
Their sharp edg'd tools; the while their wines do sit  
Beside them carding Wooll, and there make light  
With songs the tedious labour of the night.  
Or boyle new wine from crudities, and skim  
The bubbling froth off from the Caldrons brim.  
But reape thy corne in the daies heat and drought,  
For dry-reap't corne will thresh more cleanly out.  
In Summer naked plow thy ground, and sow:  
Cold Winter rest on plowmen doth bestow.  
Then they enjoy what they before did gaine,  
And with glad feasts each other entertaine.  
The geniall Winter to free joy invites  
From care. Such are the Mariners delights,  
When laden ships long absent from their home  
Now deckt with garlands to the haven come.  
Besides the Winter is a season fit  
To gather ackorns, and ripe berries get

Of bayes, of olive trees, and myrtles red.  
To catch wilde cranes in sprindges, and to spread  
Toiles for red Deere; the long-ear'd Hare to start,  
And fallow Deere with a loop'd Spanish dart  
Well thrown to kil, whē with deep snow the ground  
Is hid, and rivers with strong ice are bound.  
The stormes of Autumne why should I relate?  
When daies grow shorter, and more moderate  
The heat? what chere good husbands entertaine?  
Or when the shewery spring doth promise raine?  
Whē all the fields with green ear'd corn are proud  
And tender blades the swelling graine do shroud?  
I oft have seen, when corn was ripe to mow,  
And now in dry, and brittle straw did grow,  
Windes from all quarters oppositely blow.  
By whose dire force the full-ear'd blades were torn  
Up by the roots, and into th' aire were borne:  
No otherwise than when blacke whirle windes rise,  
And toss dry straw and stubble to the skies.  
Oft fall huge gusts of water from the sky,  
And all the full-swelled clouds whirle from on high  
Black showers & stormes about: the thunders noise  
Even rends high heaven, & falling raine destroyes  
All crops, and all that th' Oxens toyle has done.

Dikes

Dikes fill : with sound the swelled rivers run ;  
The seas with troubled agitations move.  
In midst of that tempestuous night, great *Iove*  
From a bright hand his winged thunder throwes ;  
Which shakes the earth ; beasts flye ; sad terror goes  
Through mortal breasts. His burning dart doth aw  
Rhodope, Athos, th' high Ceraunia.  
The showery South windes double now, and round  
The woods do murmur, and beate shores resound.  
For feare of this observe the moneths and signes :  
Marke to what house *Saturnus* cold star inclines :  
And with what planet *Marsurie* doth iojne.  
But first give worship to the powers divine :  
Offer to <sup>(1)</sup> *Ceres* yearely sacrifice  
With feasts upon the grasse, when winter is  
Quite spent, and now the spring doth fresh appear  
Then lambs are fat, then wines are purg'd & clear  
The shady mountaines then sweet sleeps afford.  
Let her by all thy plowmen be ador'd  
Let hency, milke, and wine be offered  
To her, and th' happy sacrifice be led  
About the new come thrice, whilst every one  
Followes with joyfull acclamation,  
Imploing *Ceres* favour ; and let none

Presume

Presume to thrust a sickle into corne,  
Vnlesse with oaken wreathes he first adorne  
His head, and dance unartificially  
With hymnes of praise to *Ceres* Deity.  
And that by certain tokens we might know (blow,  
When heat will come, when raine, when winds shal  
Great *Ioue* ordained monethly what the Moone  
Should teach, what signes foretell, when winds go  
That husbandmen, marking what oft befalls (down,  
Know when to keep their cattell in the stals.  
Iust ere the windes arise, the Sea swells high,  
Great noise is heard from all the mountaines nigh,  
Then hollow murmurs through the woods you  
And all the shoares resounding far and near. (hear,  
Then Seas are ill to Saylers evermore  
When Cormorants fly crying to the shore  
From the mid-sea, when Sea fowle pastime make  
Vpon dry land, when Hens the ponds forsake,  
And mounted on their wings do flye aloft.  
You may discerne, when windes are rising, oft  
The stars in heauen do seeme to fall, and make  
Through nights dark ayre a long and fiery tracke.  
Oft straw and wither'd leaues in th' aire fly vp,  
And feathers swimme upon the waters top.

Bun

But when it lightens from the boistrous North,  
And th' East, and Western houses thunder forth,  
The Lands overflow'd, the Dikes fill'd every where,  
And Mariners wet sayles on th' Ocean beare,  
The storme can nere thee unawares surprise,  
For from the Vallies, ere it thence arise,  
The Cranes do fly, the Bullock vpward throwes  
His head, and snuffs the ayre into his nose;  
The subtle Swallow flies about the brooke,  
And querulous Frogs in muddy pooles doe croke.  
Th' industrious Ant through narrow paths doth  
Her egges along from out her little hole. (role  
The Rain-bow comes to drink the waues, & home  
The Crows in mighty sholes from feeding come,  
And clap their wings aloud; Sea-fowles, and those  
That feed along where faire *Cayster* flows  
Through th' Asian meadows, you may often see  
Bathing themselues in water greedily.  
They oft diue downe, and swimming to and fro  
A glad, though vaine, desire of washing shew.  
Then with full throats the wicked Rooks call on  
The raine, and wander on the shores alone,  
Offering their heads to the approaching shower.  
As maids in spinning spend the nights late hower,  
Their

Their burning lamps the storm ensuing show,  
Th' oile sparkles, theeves about the snuffe do grow.  
By no lesse true, and certaine signes may we  
Faile daies and sunshine in a storme foresee.  
For then the stars aspects are cleare to us,  
Nor does the moone arise obnoxious  
Vnto her brothers rayes, nor ore the sky  
Do little clouds like woolly fleeces fly:  
The Thetis-lov'd Kings-fishers spread not then  
Their wings against the sun; nor Hogs uncleane  
Prepare them heapes of straw to ly upon.  
But to the lowest vales the clouds fall down.  
The fatall owle high mounted at sun set  
Does not the balefull evening song repeat.  
Nisus his wings in th' ayre aloft displayes,  
And for his purple lock false Scylla payes.  
Where ever Scylla through the ayre doth fly,  
Nisus, her sicree and cruell enemy,  
With eager flight pursues; from thence where he  
Appeares, with fearfull wing doth Scylla flye.  
The ravens with a loud, and strained throte  
From their high nest do oft repeat their note,  
And 'mongst the leaves they croak together all  
As taken with a joy unusuall;



It does them good, the storme now spent, to see  
Their nests of young ones, and dear progeny.  
I do not think that all these creatures have  
More wisdom than the fates to mankinde gave;  
But thus; as tempests, as th' unconstant skies  
Do change their course, as severall windes arise  
In th' aire, and do condense, or rarifie,  
Iust so their natures alter instantlie.  
Their breasts receive impressions different;  
As some by calmes, so some by stormes are sent.  
Hence that consent of ioy or wo doth flow  
Which croaking ravens, fowle, and cattell show.  
But if that to the swiftly moving sun  
Thou look for signes, or to the following moone,  
The next daies weather thou maist know, nor be  
Deceiv'd by a faire evenings treacherie.  
Be sure great stormes by sea and land ensue  
When first the Moon doth her wan'd light renue,  
If then her dulled hornes dark ayre embrace.  
But if a rednesse hide her virgin face  
It will be windy; that complexion  
In her shewes winde. But in the fourth new Moon  
(For that's the certain't author) if most cleare,  
And free from dimnesse her bright horns appeare,  
That

That day, and all the following daies shall be  
Till the moneths end, from rain and tempests free  
To *Panopæa*, *Glaucus*, *Inoe's* boy  
The saued Marriners shall pay with ioy  
Their vowes upon the shore. But sur'st of all,  
And best the Sunne, when he doth rise, or fall  
Into the Ocean, doth those rules bestow,  
When he or yeelds to night, or morne doth show  
When full of spots the rising Sunne doth seeme,  
Hid in a cloud, and in his middle dimme,  
Suspect great raine; the moist Southwinde is nigh  
To cattell, corne, and trees an enemy.  
Or when thick clouds the morning Sunne do hide,  
Yet round about his shining rayes are spi'de,  
Or when *Aurora* with a count'nance pale  
Leaves *Tisbont* rose bed, then ill from haile,  
Which leapes into all houses rattling hard,  
Can thinne vine leaues (alas) the clusters guard  
These signes more surely may obserued bee  
About the setting Sunne; for oft wee see  
His face with various colours is orespred;  
Azure betokens raine: a fiery red  
Shewes winde. But if that rednesse mix'd appeare  
And full of little spots, then every where

Both

Both winde and raine together shall be seen.  
In such a night, when that sad signe hath been,  
Shall no perswasions make me venture ore  
The Seas, or loose my Cables from the shore.  
But when his Orbe both even and morne is bright,  
Then let no feare of stormes thy minde affright.  
The woods no windes but dry North windes shall  
And last of all how all the night shal proue, (moue.  
From whence dry clouds the northrē wind shal driue,  
And what moist seasons the south winds shall giue,  
The Sun shall perfectly declare to thee,  
And who dares taxe the Sunne of falsitie?  
He oft forewarnes us of blinde tumaks nigh,  
Of growing wars, and secret treachery.  
He pitying Rome, when *Cæsar* murder'd dy'd,  
In sable darknesse his bright head did hide,  
And night eternall threaten'd th' impious age.  
Then besides him did th' earth and seas preiages  
The Dogs and farrall birds sad signes did yeeld.  
How often then into the *Cyclops* field  
Did *Ætna's* burning caverne overflow,  
And globes of fire, and melted stones did throw?  
The trembling Alps did shake; ore all the sky  
A noise of arms was heard in Germany.

In solitary groves were often heard  
Affrighting voices, and pale ghosts appear'd  
When night began; the beasts' gainst nature spakes;  
Floods stop't their courses; the cleft earth did make  
Wide chinks; on statues, which our temples kept,  
The brasse did sweat, the mourning ivory wept.  
Swelling Eriadnus the king of floods  
With violence orethrew the lofty woods,  
And ore the fields both beasts and stals did beare.  
Beasts entrailes sad, and threatning did appeare.  
The Wels were fill'd with bloud; in depth of night  
The howling Wolves did greatest Towns affright.  
Nere flew more lightning through a welkin faire;  
Nor mo portentuous comets fill'd the aire.  
Therefore with equall ensignes once againe  
Two Romã hoasts fought on Philippi Plain. (would  
The gods were pleas'd that our blood-dropping  
Should twice<sup>(1)</sup> manure Æmathiæ fatal grounds;  
Rust-eaten pikes and swords in time to come,  
When crooked plows dig up earth's fertile womb;  
The husbandman shal oft discover there,  
And harrowes iron teeth shal every where  
Rake helmets up; plowmen in graves so old  
Such large-siz'd bones shal wonder to behold.

*Romulus,*

Romulus, *J'essa*, and ye native gods  
That keep by Tuscan Tyber your abodes,  
And Romes high pallaces, take not away  
Young *Cesar*, now the only ayde and stay  
Of this distressed age; enough have we  
Already pay'd for Troyes old periury.  
The court of heaven already envies us  
*Cesar*, for thee, that thou vouchsafest thus  
Poor earthly triumphs to regard below.  
For when such mischiefs, and dire wars did flow  
O'er all the world, & right with wrong confound,  
The plowes neglected lay, the fruitlesse ground  
Ore-grown with weeds, for want of tillers mournd,  
And crooked sickles into swords were turnd.  
Euphrates here, there Germany in arms  
Was up; on tother side the loud alarms  
Fright neighbouring cities; all accords are broke,  
And all the world with impious war is shooke.  
So when swift charriots from the lists are gone,  
Their furious haile increases as they run.  
In vaine the charrioter their course would stay;  
Th' ungovern'd horses hurry him away.

*Finis libri primi.*

Annotations upon the  
first B O O K E.

**I**T is not unknowne to any man, who is an able iudge of this worke, that Virgil, though Prince of the Roman Poets (for that title his own age freely affoorded him, and the judgement or modesty of succeeding times never detracted from him) did help his invention by imitation of the Grecian Poets; & in this work of his Georgicks, (to speak nothing of his Aeneids, or Bucolicks) he has taken his subject from Ascræan Hesiod; as his own verse in the second booke modestly acknowledges.

Ascræumq; cano Romana per oppida carmen.  
In this subject (though the learning of Virgil must needs carry him upon other matters than Hesiod treated of, and his own intent to honour his native Italy, which was then mistresse of the conquer'd world, and to whose

whose climate and properties bee especially  
proportionsthis discourse of husbandry) bee  
retaines in many things the Grecian way;  
hee invokes their gods (men whose ancient  
worth had deified them to posterity) he builds  
upon many stories, which either the Greekes  
invented, or the distance of time has made  
posterity not to credit them as truths, but in-  
state them poetisall stories. Some of these  
histories which are shortly mentioned in this  
worke, I have thought fitting to relate here  
for the ease or delight of the English reader,  
intreating all Readers to pardon me for stri-  
ving onely to please them: (for to mee it can  
adde nothing, since all men of iudgement can  
tell how easily, and where I find them.) I have  
not mentioned them all; nor made a large  
comment upon the worke to extend it to an  
unnecessary bulke; but mentioned such onely as  
I thought fitting.

(b) Staphilus

(b) Staphylus the son of Sithneus, and chiefe Shepheard to Oeneus king of Aetolia, had observed that one of his goates did often in feeding separat it selfe from the rest of the flocke, and by that feeding was growne fatter and better in liking than all the rest. He upon a day resolved to watch this goate, and found it feeding on a cluster of grapes: he gathered some of the grapes, & wondring at the novelty and rarenesse of the fruit, presented it to the King his Master. The King tasted it, and wondrously pleased, and cheared with the juice of it, began to esteeme it of great value; insomuch as not long after it so happened, that the great Bacchus returning from his Indian conquests, was entertained at the court of this Oeneus; who presented to Bacchus his new-found fruit. Bacchus, who before had learned the use of it, instructed the king  
how



how to continue the race, and the manner how to dresse, and perfect his vines; and ordained withall that the wine in the Greeke language should be called *οἶνος*, in honour of Oeneus, and the grape *σταφυλή*, after the name of Staphylus the kings shepheard.

(c) These Fauns are accounted the country Gods, and are thought alwaies to inhabite in the woods. The first of them was Faunus king of the *Abrigines*, the son of Picus, & grandchilde of Saturne, who first reduced the inhabitants of Italy to a civill life: he built houses; and consecrated woods; in honour of so great a merit as this, he was by his thankfull posterity (as the custome was of those times) consecrated a god, and his oracle with great devotion kept in *Abnunea* an Italian wood. Of his name all Temples were afterwards called *Fanes*; hee married his sister

sister Fauna, whom the Romans in after times honoured with great devotion, and called her Bona; She gave Oracles to the women, as her husband Faunus did unto the men.

(d) The Fable is thus; When the famous City of Athens was founded, and Neptune and Minerva were in great contention who should have the honour of naming the place, it pleased the gods to appoint it thus, that the honour should accrew to that deity, who could bestow the greatest benefit upon mankind. Upon which sentence Neptune with his trident striking the shore, immediately a furious horse provided, and armed for the war, was created by that stroke: Minerva casting her javelin from her, of that javelin produced an Olive tree; which being a fruitfull and good plant, and the emblems of peace, was judged  
more

more usefull and profitable to mankind. The cause why our Author invoceth Neptune in this place, is, because hee intendeth to speake of horses in the third Booke of this Work. Which had bene else unfit in a discourse concerning affaires of Land to have invoked a god of the Sea.

(c) Aristxus, who is here invoked was reported the son of Apollo; and the Nymph Cyrene: This Aristxus the father of Actx-on, who transformed into a stag (as Ovid's fable delivers it) was devoured by his dogges, grieved for his sons death, departed from Thebes to the Island Cea, which was then destitute of inhabitants by reason of a pestilence which had there happened: This Cea is an Island in the *Aegean* sea; from whence hee sailed into *Arcadia*, & there ended the residue of his life. In *Arcadia* hee was honoured

as a god after his death for teaching the people that strange mysterie of making Bees.

(f) This youth here named the inventor of the Plow, is by most thought to be Osiris the King, and afterwards god of the Egyptians. He was the first that ever taught the Egyptians his country-men the use of Oxen for plowing of their ground. He was honoured by them as a god after his death for this great benefit; and worshipped in the forme of an Oxe, which was called Apis, in the City of Memphis. And in memory of this also Isis the wife of that Osiris was honoured as a goddesse, and had solemne sacrifices, in which an eare of corne was carryed before the pompe, and all plowmen in harvest time sacrificed to her with the straw of wheat.

(8) The history of the birth, life, and death of this god Sylvanus is thus reported; A shep-  
beard,

heard, whose name was Cratis, abused to his  
lust a hee-Goat of his flocke: and when up-  
on a time Cratis was sleeping by a rivers  
side; that hee-Goat, which used the compa-  
ny of the shee-Goat, in a jealous fury, assaul-  
ted Cratis with his hornes, and tumbled  
him into the river; from whose name the  
flood was afterwards called Cratis. This  
monstrous issue of the Shepheard and the  
Goat, when it was brought to light, resembled  
them both, and was a Goat in the nether  
parts, but in the upper it carryed the shape of  
a man. Being afterward brought up and  
growing in the woods, the Shepheards asto-  
nished at so strange a shape, began to honour  
and adore him for a god, calling him Sylva-  
nus, from the woods wherein he lived. This  
god Sylvanus was extremely enamoured  
on a beauteous youth named Cyparissus,

C

who

who with great care had brought up a tame Deere; and when on a time the youth unhappily trying his Bow, had mist the mark, and slaine unawares his beloved Deere, out of extremity and impatience of griefe he dyed. Sylvanus lamenting the death of his mixton Cyparissus, fell downe weeping upon the dead body, and vowed never to part from those embraces: which he continued so long untill the gods in pitie to Sylvanus, transformed the body of Cyparissus into a tree, called from him, the Cypresse tree, which ever after was a tree of mourning, and garnished great mens houses at funerals, as all the Poets mention; and Sylvanus is accounted the god protector of that tree.

(<sup>b</sup>) Erigone the virgin was the daughter of Icarus an Athenian shepheard, whose piety to her father was much renowned; in so much

much as that when her father was slaine (as  
shall bee afterwards declared) shee never  
parted from the dead body, but dyed with  
him; and by the pitty of the gods, as Poets  
say, was taken up into heaven, and made a  
signe in the Zodiacke, called Virgo.

(4) The Husbandmen in ancient time sa-  
crificed to Ceres the goddesse of Cornes.  
They killed a fat Hog as the sacrifice it  
self, a creature whose rooting endamages  
the corne. About this sacrifice the whole  
Chorus of the husbandmen danced in a rude  
inartificiall manner (for such dances in Reli-  
gion were accepted) and sang songs in ho-  
nour of the goddesse Ceres, who first inven-  
ted Corne. They wore upon their heads  
branches of Oaken trees, in a thankfull re-  
membrance of their old food: for before her  
bounty to mankind, had taught them the

wayes of tilling and harvest, the people lived  
upon Mast and Acorns.

(\*) For twice in that countrey the Ro-  
mans fought in civill warre : first Julius  
Cæsar against Pompey the Great, after-  
ward Octavius Cæsar and Marcus Anto-  
nius against Marcus Brutus and Caius  
Cæsius.

FINIS.



## GEORGICON.

## The second B O O K I.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**T**HIS Booke the nature of all trees defines,  
Of fat-rin'd Olives, of heart-cheering Vines;  
And other lesse-fam'd plants; to every tree  
Its proper climate, growth, and quality  
Assignes; and teaches how to propagate,  
How to engrasse, transplant, enoculate.  
With what rich fruit some happy lands are blest;  
Which others want: and here 'bove all the rest  
Our Poet doth inferre the praises high  
Of his owne native fruitfull Italy; (knowne  
Her meadowes, herds, faire towne, and rivers  
To all the world; her nations of renowne,  
And men of honour'd name. Last, it doth shew  
The blisse of plowmen, if their blisse they know.

**T**HUS much of tillage, and celestiall signes;  
Thee, Bacchus, now we sing; & with thy vines  
C 3 Other

Other wilde Plants, and Olives slowly growing.  
Hither, ô Father (for thy gifts are flowing  
Ore all things here; the vineyards by thy care  
With rich Autumnall fruit full laden are,  
And vinetages oreflow) oh hither daine  
To come, great *Bacchus*, and when thou hast tane  
Thy buskins off, oh then vouchsafe with me  
In new sweet wine to dip thy bared thigh.  
Nature on trees doth different births bestow;  
Some of themselves without mans aide do grow;  
And round the fields, and crooked rivers come,  
As limber *Ofiers*, *Poplars*, tender broome,  
And grey-leav'd *Willowes*; some from seed arise;  
Such are the lofty *Chest nuts*, and those trees,  
Which *Iove* his greatest holds, th' high *Æsculus*,  
And th' *Oak* by *Greekes* esteem'd oraculous. (rise  
Some from their own great roots make young ones  
About them round, as *Elmes* and *Cherry trees*;  
And young *Parnassian bayes* do often so  
Vnder their mothers shadow shelter'd grow.  
These waies of planting nature first did bring:  
So trees, so herbs, and sacred woods did spring.  
But other waies experience since hath found.  
Some plant yong shoots cut off frô trees in ground,  
Some

Some graffe young rooted stalks in deeper mould;  
And sharp crosse-cloven stakes: some bow their old  
Vines into ranges, propagating young,  
Which thence in arches on both sides have sprung.  
Some need no roots; the Pruner young slips cuts,  
And them into the earth securely puts.  
And (wondrous to be told) an Olive tree  
Out from a dry cut trunk oft springs we see.  
And often are the branches of one tree  
Into another grafted prosperously;  
So from an Apple stocke ripe Peares do come,  
And hard red cornoiles from a stock of Plumme.  
Therefore be carefull, husbandmen, to know  
What art belongs to every tree, and how  
To make wilde trees by dressing better grow.  
Keep no ground barren: *Ismarus* will please  
*Bacchus*, *Taburnus* will beare Olive trees.  
And thou, (\*) *Mecenas*, to whose grace I ow  
My fame and glory, be propitious now;  
Lend thy free favour to this subiect plaine.  
I dare not hope this Poeme should containe  
All parts of it, had I an hundred tongues,  
To them an hundred mouthes, and iron lungs.  
Wait me from shoue: the earth's description's plain.

Nor will I here, *Mæcenar*, thee detain  
With Poets fictions, nor oppresse thine eare  
With circumstance, and long exordiums here.  
Those trees, which of themselves shoot up in th' aire,  
Do grow unfruitfully, but strong and faire;  
For in the soile their nature is; but these  
If thou do take, and grasse in other trees,  
Or else transplant them well, they'le quite forsake  
Their barren nature, and most aptly take  
By dressing oft, what forme thou wouldst bestow.  
The like those trees, that spring from roots, wil do,  
If them to th' open fields thou do remove;  
But now their mothers leaves, and boughes above  
Oreshadow them and make them barren trees.  
But all those plants, which do from seedes arise,  
Grow slow, and shade to our grand-children give.  
They still degenerate the more they live.  
Good grapes turne birds meate, grown extreamply  
And apples lose the first good iuice they had. (bad,  
They must be mended all, well digg'd, and drest,  
And by much labour tam'd; the Olive best,  
And Venus Myrtle set in trunks do live,  
And Vines the best by propagation thrive.  
From small slips set do Filberts grow, we see,

lowe

Iv'e's Oake, and great *A'sides* (\*) Poplar tree,  
The stately Ashes, lusty Palmes, and Fir.  
Employ'd at sea by ventrous Marriners.  
Rough arbut slips into a hazell bough  
Are oft ingrafted; and good Apples grow  
Out of a Plaine trees stocke: the Chestnut beares  
Ingrafted Beech: in tall wilde Ashes Peares  
Do flourish best; from Elmes Oak-acorns fall  
To Hogs; nor are the wayes alike in all  
How to ingrasse, how to inoculate.  
For where the tender rinde opening of late  
Shot forth a bud, iust at that knot they cut  
A little hole; into that hole they put  
A budding shoot tane from another tree;  
The rinde then closing makes them prosperously  
Together grow. But if the trunk be free  
From knots, they cleave the trunk of such a tree  
With wedges, putting fruitfull slips therein;  
Within short time th' ingrafted slips begin  
To grow to prosperous height; the tother tree  
Wonders such stranger fruit, and leaves to see.  
Nor are the waies alike in all of these,  
In Willowes, Lotes, Idæan Cypresses,  
And sturdy Elmes; nor in one manner do.

All kindes of Olives, the long Radii grow,  
Nor Olives orchites, or Pausia nam'd,  
Nor apples, nor Alcinous fruit so fam'd.  
Nor must all shootes of pearces alike be set,  
Crustumian, Syrian pearces, and wardens great,  
Nor hang the vines upon our trees as do  
Those that in Lesbian Methymna grow.  
The Thasian vines in barren soile abound:  
The Marcotike thrive in richer ground;  
The Psithian grapes are best of all to dry.  
Besides these, strong Lagæan wines there be, (the  
Whose strength makes drunkards stagger, & doth  
Their tongues; rath-ripe, & purple grapes there be;  
But in what verse shall I enough commend  
The Rhetian grape? yet let it not contend  
With the Tabernian. Aminean vines  
There are besides, which beare the firmeſt wines.  
Cilician, and Phanæan grapes there are, (pare  
And white grapes lesse than those, none may com-  
With these for store of iuice, and lasting long.  
Nor will I passe thy vintage in my song  
O Rhodes, for feasts and sacrifices fam'd;  
Nor that great grape from a Cowes udder nam'd.  
But all the kindes, and names of grapes that are

Tis numberlesse and needlesse to declare.  
Which he that seekes to do, as soon may know  
How many Libyan sands the West winds blow;  
Or when fierce Eurus 'gainst the Sailers rores,  
How many waves rowle to th' Ionian shores.

Nor can all grounds bring forth all plants we see;  
By rivers Willows prosper: th' Alder tree  
On morish grounds: on rocky mountaines grow  
Wilde Ashes: Myrtles on the shores below;  
Vines love warm open heighes; the Northren cold  
Makes Yew trees prosper. And again behold  
The conquer'd worlds farthest inhabitants,  
Easterne Arabians, painted Scythians.

See there all trees their proper countries know;  
In India only does black Eben grow:  
None but Sabæa boasts of Frankincense.  
Why should I name that fragrant wood, frō whence  
Sweet Balsam sweats? the berries or the buds  
Of Bearf-foot ever Greene? those hoary woods  
Of Æthiopia cloath'd with snowy wooll?  
Or how the Seres their rich fleeces pull  
From leaves of trees? or those fair woods, w<sup>ch</sup> grow  
Nerre to the Indian sea, whose highest bough  
No Arrows flight can reach? none shoot so high,  
Although

Although that Nation no bad Archers be.  
Slow-tasted Apples Media doth produce,  
And bitter too, but of a happy use;  
Than which no surer Antidote is known,  
T' expell a poyson-temper'd potion,  
When cruell step-dames their sad cups have us'd;  
With charming words, and banefull herbs infus'd  
The tree is faire, iust like a Laurell tree,  
And were indeed a Laurell perfectly,  
But that their smells far differ; no winds blast  
Shakes off her leaves, her blossomes still stick fast.  
With this the Mede short-winded old men eases,  
And cures the lungs unsavory diseases.  
But not the richest land, nor Median woods,  
Nor golden Hermus, nor faire Ganges floods  
May ought for praise contend with (\*) Italy,  
Nor faire Panchaia fam'd for spicery,  
Bactra, nor India; no Bulls, that blow  
Fire from their nostrs, did that Region plow:  
No Dragons teeth therein were sow'd, to beare  
A crop of Souldiers arm'd with shield and speare.  
Besides this land a spring perpetuall sees,  
Twice breeding Cattell, twice fruit-bearing trees,  
And summers there in moneths unusuall shine;



But no wilde Tigers in that coast are seene,  
No savage Lions breed, nor in that land  
Do poisonous (\*) herbs deceive the gatherers hand.  
No huge and scaly snake on those faire grounds  
Makes fearful tracks, or twines in hideous rounds.  
Adde to all these so many structures faire  
Of beauteous Cities, of strong Townes, that are  
Fenced with rocks impregnable, and how  
Vnder those Antient walls great Rivers flow.  
Shall I insilt on those two seas that flow  
'Bout Italy, above it and below ?  
Or her great lakes & thee mighty Larius ?  
Or thee tempestuous sea-like Benacus ?  
Or praise her havens ? or the Lucrine lake ?  
Where the imprison'd Iulian waters make  
A loud & wrathfull noise, through which the great  
Sea-tides into Avernus lake are let ?  
Besides the land abounds with mettrals store,  
With veines of silver, gold and brazen ore ;  
It nurturs Nations bold, the Marfians,  
The fierce Sabellians, dart-arm'd Volicians,  
Hardy Ligurians ; in particular  
The Decii, Marii, those brave names of war,  
The great Camilli, valiant Scipio's,

And

And thee, great *Cæsar*, now victorious  
In Asia's utmost bounds, whose conquering power  
From flying Indians guard the Roman towers.  
Haile *Saturns* land in riches great, and great  
In men; for thee I will presume t' entreat  
Of th' ancient praised arts, ope sacred springs,  
And through Romes townes Ascrean poems sing.

Now all soiles severall natures let us see,  
Their strengths, their colours, and fertility.  
First barren hills, and hard unfruitfull ground,  
Where clay is scarce, and gravell doth abound,  
Is good for *Pallas* long-liv'd Olive tree.  
For in such soiles we by experience see  
Wilde Olive trees do in abundance grow,  
And all the fields with their wilde Olives strow.  
But ground more fertile, with sweet moisture fill'd,  
Well cloath'd with grasse, and fruitfull to be till'd,  
(Such as in valleyes we doe oft espy,  
Whither the waters flow from hills on high,  
Leaving a fruitful slime) where South-winds blow,  
And Brakes, great hinderers of all plowing, grow,  
Will yeeld thee spreading vines, and full of uice,  
And lusty wines, such as we sacrifice  
In golden goblets to the gods, as soon

As the swoln Tuscan trumpeter has done  
His sounding at the Altar, which we load  
With reeking entrailes brought in chargers broad,  
But if thou rather Heards, or Calves wouldst keep,  
Or Goats, whose grazing burns the fields, or Sheep;  
Then seek Tarentums lawnes, and farthest coast,  
Such fields as happlesse Mantua has lost,  
Where snowy Swans feed in the meadows neere  
The rivers side; nor grasse, nor water there  
Thy Heards can want; what grasse they eat by  
The dewy night back to the field repayes. (dayes,  
But ground in colour blacke, and far below,  
Putrid and loose (for such we wish to plow)  
Is best for corne; for from no ground do come  
No laden waggons, and tir'd Oxen home.  
Or where of late the plowman grubb'd up wood,  
Which quiet there for many yeares had stood,  
And birds old nests has from the roots orestrown;  
They rest of dwellings now from thence are flown;  
The new-made ground once plow'd most fruitfull  
Course barren sand, & hilly scarce bestows (grows.  
Cassa, and flowers for Bees to feed upon,  
Nor chaulk, nor that so soft though rugged stone  
Eat by black snakes; no ground on snakes so good  
Close.

Close holes bestowes, nor such delicious food.  
But that rich land, which doth exhale like smoake  
Thin vapors up, that showrs of raine in soakes,  
And when the lists returns them forth againe,  
Whose mould with rust the iron doth not staine,  
Which cloaths her selfe in her own grassie Greene,  
That Land (as well in tillage may be seene)  
Is good to pasture cattell, good to plow,  
There Vines and Olives prosperously grow.  
Such Lands by Capua, by Vesuvius high,  
And Clanius, that oreflowes Acerræ, ly.

¶ How to discerne each soile ile teach thee now,  
Which mould is thick and which is loose to know.  
(For one *Leas*, tother *Ceres* loves : (proves)  
Vines love loose grounds, corne best in thickest  
Chooſe with thine eie that piece that is most plain,  
There digge a pit, and then throw in againe  
The clods and earth, and tread them strongly in;  
If they'le not fill the pit, the soile is thin,  
And best for Vineyards, and for pasture grasse;  
But if the clods do more than fill the place,  
The earth is thick and solid ; try that soile,  
And plow it well, though hard and full of toile.  
That earth that's salt, or bitter, bad for sowing,

(For

(For that will never be made good by plowing,  
Nor vines, nor apples planted there, abide  
In their first generous tast) may thus be tride;  
Take a thick-woven Osiar colander,  
Through w<sup>ch</sup> the pressed wines are strained clear,  
And put a piece of that bad earth into it  
Well mixt with water, & then strain them through  
You shall perceive the struggling water flow, (it,  
And in great drops will through the Osiars goe,  
But by the tast you may discern it plaine;  
The bitterneffe will make the taster straine  
His countenance awry. So you may know  
By handling, whether ground be fat or no;  
Leane earth will crumble into dust: but thicke  
Like pitch fat earth will to your fingers sticke.  
Moist land brings forth tall grasse, and oft is found  
Too rich; oh give not me so rank a ground,  
Nor let it corns yong husks too richly raise.  
Earth that is heavy her own weight betrays,  
And so of light; our eyes do iudge aright  
The colour of the land or black or white,  
But to finde out that cursed quality  
Of cold in grounds, of all, will hardest be;  
Yet that the trees, which prosper there, will shew,

D

Pitch

Pitch trees, black Ivis, and the balefull Yew.  
These things consider'd well, remember thou  
Long before hand in furrowes deep to plow  
And breake the earth; then let it lye thus broke  
Expos'd to North-east-windes and winters shock,  
Before thou plant thy fruitfull Vines therein,  
For they thrive best in rotten ground, and thin.  
The Windes and hoary Frosts, after the toyle  
Of digging (Husbandmen) wil rot the soile.  
But he, that throughly vigilant will be,  
Must finde a place out for a nurserie  
Just like the place he plants in, lest a tree  
Transplanted do not with the soile agree.  
And he, to plant it as it was, must marke  
The Heavens four quarters on the tender barke,  
To know how every tree did stand, which side  
Endur'd the South, which did the North abide,  
And let their former situation stand.  
Consider then if Plaine or mountaine Land  
Be best for Vines; if plain good ground thou choose  
Then plant them thicke; the Grapes can nothing  
By their thick standing there; if on a Hill (looke  
Thou plant, with measure, and exactest skill,  
Set them in rowes by equall distance held;

As when an Army's ranged in the field,  
And stands for triall of a mighty day;  
In equall squadrons they themselves display  
Ore the broad field, which seemes with glittering  
To move, before the battels fierce alarmes (armes  
Do sound, and *Mars* to both stands doubtfull yet.  
So trees at equall distance ranked set,  
Not only to delight thy prospect there,  
But cause the ground can no way else conferre  
To all an equall vigour, nor can they  
Have roome at large their branches to display.  
Perchance how deep to digge thy furrowes now  
Thou'dst learne. Thy Vines in shallow ones, will  
But other trees more deeply digg'd must be; (grow  
Chiefly th' *Æsculean Oake*, who still more high  
He lifts his branches in the ayre, more low  
His root doth downward to *Avernus* go.  
Therefore no windes, nor winter stormes orethrow  
Those Trees; for many yeares unmov'd they grow,  
And many ages of mankinde outweare,  
And spreading their fair branches here and there,  
Themselves ith midst do make a stately shade.  
Let not thy Vineyards to the West be made,  
Nor plant thou *Hafels* 'mongst thy Vines, nor yet

Lop off their highest branches, which are beat  
With winds, nor prune them with blunt knives, nor  
Wilde Olive trees 'mongst other Olives set. (yet  
For unawares fire oft is scatter'd;

Which in the dry fat rinde conceal'd, and fed  
Seizes the tree, the leaves and branches takes,  
And through the aire a crackling noise it makes,  
Till on the top it reigne with victory  
Involving all the wood in flames, and fly  
Like a black pitchy cloud up to the sky,  
Especially if stormy windes do ly

Vpon the wood, the flames about to beare.

When this doth chance, the Olives burned there  
Spring from the root no more in their first state,  
But to wilde Olives do degenerate.

Let none perswade thee then, how wise so ere,  
When Boreas blowes, the harden'd earth to stir;  
Winter congeales the ground, and suffers not  
The trees new set in th' earth to spread their root.  
But when the golden spring doth first appeare,  
And that white bird is come, whom serpents feare,  
Is the best time of all to plant thy vines:

The next is when the Autumnall cold beginnes;  
When now the sun shortens the daies, and doe

The



The Summer is, yet winter not begun. (leaves;  
The Spring's the time that cloaths the woods with  
The earth then swells, and seed with ioy receives.  
Then *Ioue* Almighty down descends, and powers  
Into the earths glad bosome fruitfull showers,  
And mixt with her great body, he doth feed  
All births of hers, and foster every seed.  
Each bush with loudly chirping birds is grac'd;  
Beasts at set times the ioyes of *Venus* taste:  
The ground stirr'd up by Zephyres warmer winds  
Opens her selfe, and brings forth fruit in kinde.  
Young blooming trees dare trust themselves unto  
The Sun new mounted; the vine branches now  
Feare not the rising Southren winds, nor yet  
The North-East-winde, that causes tempests great.  
But shoot their blossoms forth, & spread their leafe.  
No other daies but such (tis my beliefe)  
When first the world beginnaing had, were known;  
Th' earth had no other tenor; Spring alone,  
And that perpetual, the great world enioy'd;  
No East-windes winter blasts that age annoy'd,  
When first all Cattell their beginning had,  
When of the earth mankindes hard race was made,  
When wilde Beasts fill'd the woods, & stars the sky.

Nor could the tender creatures easily  
Endure this change; but heaven to make amends  
Twixt heat and cold this temper'd season sends.  
What plants so ere thou setst in th' earth, be sure  
Cover them well, and with fat dung manure;  
Put shells, and sandy stones therein; twixt them  
Moisture will flow, and thin exhalings steame;  
From whence the plants will gather hart. Some lay  
Great stones at top, & vessels of thick clay, (sound,  
Which from all stormes will guard and fence them  
This when the dog-star cleaves the thirsty ground.  
And when thou plantst thy Vines dig round about  
To bring good store of earth to every root;  
Or exercise thy struggling Steeres, to plow  
The ground in furrowes deep twixt every row.  
Then get light reeds, smooth wands, & athen stakes  
With horned forkes, whose supportation makes  
Young Vines contemne the windes, and to the top  
Of Elmes to clime by broad-spredd branches up.  
But when their leaves do first begin to bee,  
And new-growne branches from supporting free  
Shoot loose into the Ayre; then spare to use  
Thy pruning knife so soone, and rather choose  
The leaves superfluous with thy hands to pull.

But

But when embracing Elmes with armes more full  
And strong, they grow; then confidently pare  
Their leaves and branches too; before they feare  
The pruning knife; then do not spare the same;  
But their superfluous growth with rigour tame.  
Then make strong hedges to keep cattell out,  
Young beasts especially, and yet unwrought.  
Wilde Bulls and greedy Goates more harm will do  
Than scorching Summers, and cold Winters too.  
There Sheep will browse, and feeding Heifers go.  
The Winters hoary Frosts, and falling Snow,  
And parching Suns that burne the hardest rocks,  
Endamage Vines lesse than those greedy flockes;  
Their browsing teeth do venome leave behinde,  
And killing scars upon the stocke and rinde.  
No other fault there was, that <sup>(4)</sup>Goates did dye  
At *Bacchus* Altars, and th' old Comedie  
Was celebrated, that th' Athenian playes  
In Villages, and all crosse-meeting wayes  
Were grac'd; and men, ore meadows in their poet  
Did dance about th' annointed <sup>(5)</sup>skins of Goats  
Th' Italian Nations also sprung from Troy  
Singing Saturnian rythms with open joy  
And laughter loose, horrid disguises wore

Of hollow'd barks of trees, and did adore  
With hymnes of mirth, *Bacchus*, thy power divine,  
And virgins (<sup>f</sup>) statues on the lofty pine  
Did hang. Then vineyards fruitfully did beare,  
All vales, and lawnes were fertile every where,  
Where ere the god his beauteous head do show.  
Therefore let us these rites to *Bacchus* do  
In our own mother language, offering  
Full cups, and wafers; and to th' altar bring  
A guilty goat led by the hornes, and his  
Fat entrailes rost on spits of cornoile trees.  
Besides in dressing vines more paines is shewne,  
To which there never can enough be done;  
For every yeare the ground must digged be  
Three or foure times, and plow'd eternally;  
The leaves must oft bee gathered; all the paine,  
That husbandmen bestow, returns againe;  
His own steps back the circling yeare doth tread.  
And when the vines their leaves in Autumn shed,  
And all the woods of cloathing robbed are  
By North-east-windes: even then th' industrious  
Of th' husbandman unto the following yeare (care  
Extends it selfe; then he begins to pare  
The vine with *Saturn's* crooked hooke, and right

By

By skilfull pruning to refashion it.  
First dig the ground; first burne the shreds cut off:  
And lay thy rests up dry within thy roose;  
Gather thy vintage last. Leaves twice oreshade  
The vines, as twice the ranke-grown weeds invade  
Yong corn. Both which require great toil to mend.  
Till thou a little farme, though thou commend  
A great one. And besides sharpe twigs of thorne  
From woods, and reedes on bankes of rivers born,  
Thou for thy vines must cut, and carefull be  
For willow groves, which else neglected ly.  
Now when the vines are bound, & prun'd, and all:  
And th' husband sings about the vineyard wall;  
Yet there remains a care, to dust them there,  
And storms, even when the grapes are ripe, to fear.  
Contrariwise unto the Olive tree  
No dressing doth belong, nor needeth shee  
The crooked hook, nor harrow, when once faire  
Shee stands in ground, and once has felt the ayre.  
The earth it selfe, when furrow'd by the plow,  
Duth food enough on her, and corne bestow.  
Therefore the fat and fruitfull Olive nourish,  
So th' Apple tree in a full stock doth flourish,  
And once full grown up to the sky she towres

By

By her own strength, and needes no helpe of ours  
So of themselves wilde Woods, and every Bush  
Beare fruit, and with Vermilion berries blush;  
Low shrubs are shorn brāds on high trees do grow,  
That feede the nightly fire, and light bestow.  
And doubt men yet to plant, and care bestow?  
(To leave great trees) Willowes and Broom so low  
Do cooling shades to Sheep and Shephards give,  
Hedges for corne, and food for Bees to live.  
How pleasantly with Boxe Cytorus flowes?  
With her Pitch trees how faire Maricia shoves?  
Oh how it pleases me those fields to see,  
That need no plowes, nor humane industrie!  
Those barren Woods on Caucasus high hill,  
Which strong East-windes do wave, and rattle still,  
Have each their severall use; Pines for the Seas;  
For Houses Cypresse, and tall Cedar trees. (taken  
From hence the Plowmen Spokes for wheeles doe  
Covers for Waines, & Keeles for Ships they make.  
Willowes do usefull twigs afford, Elmes shade;  
Of Cornoile trees, and Myrtles darts are made:  
Yew trees, to make strong Parthian Bowes, are  
Tile trees, & pliant Boxe may be bestow'd (bow'd;  
Hollow'd, or turn'd, in formes, and uses good;  
Light

Light alderne barks do swim the Po's rough flood;  
In rotten-holme stocks, and the rindes of trees  
You oft may finde the hony-combes of Bees.  
What benefits like these come from the Vine?  
That causes guilt. The Centaures fill'd with wine  
Great *Rhetus*, *Pholus*, and *Hylæus* dy'd,  
When they with pots the *Lapithees* defi'd.

Oh too too happy, if their blisse they knew,  
Plaine Husbandmen; to whom the earth with true  
And bounteous iustice, free from bloody war  
Returns an easie food; who, though they are  
Not early wak'd in high-roof'd Pallaces  
When waiting Clients come; though they possesse  
No Poasts, which Indian shels adorne in state,  
No gold embroidred cloaths, Corinthian plate,  
Nor rich Assyrian scarlet; nor abuse  
With sweetest *Casia* the plaine simple use  
Of oyle; yet rest secure, a harmelese life  
Enrich'd with severall blessings, free from strife,  
Coole caves, dark shady groves, & fountains clear,  
Vntroubled sleeps, and cattells lowing there,  
And pleasant huntings want not; there they live  
By labour and small wealth; honour they give  
Vnto their gods and parents; iustice tooke

Hes

Her last step there, when she the earth forsooke.  
But let the sacred Muse, whose priest I am,  
Me above all with her sweet love inflame;  
Teach me each star, each heavenly motion,  
The oft eclipses of the Sun and Moone,  
The cause of Earthquakes: why the swelling main  
Rises, and falls into it selfe againe:  
Why Winter suns so soone hast to the sea:  
What makes the Summer nights so short to be.  
But if dull bloud, which 'bout my heart doth flow,  
These parts of nature will not let me know;  
Then let me (famelesse) love the fields and woods,  
The fruitfull water'd vales, and running floods.  
Those plains, where clear Sperchius runs, that moor  
Where Spartan Virgins to great Bacchus wont  
To sacrifice, or shady vales that lye  
Vnder high Hamus, let my dwelling be.  
Happy is he that knowes the cause of things!  
That all his feares to due subiection brings,  
Yea fate it selfe, and greedy Acheron!  
Yea happy sure is he, who ere has known  
The rurall gods, Sylvanus, and great Pan,  
And all the sister Nymphs! that happy man  
Nor peoples voices, nor kings purple move:

Nor



Nor dire ambition sundring brothers Love:  
Nor th' Istrian Dacians fierce conspiracies:  
Nor Romes estate, nor falling monarchies.  
He sees no poore, whose miserable state  
He suffers for; he envies no mans fate;  
He eats such fruits as of their own accord  
The willing grounds, and laden trees afford;  
He sees no wrangling courts, no lawes undone  
By sword, nor peoples forc'd election.  
Some search the Seas hid pathes, some rush to war,  
In Courts of Kings others attendants are.  
One would his country, and dear gods destroy,  
That he himselfe might drink in gemmes, and ly  
On purple beds; another hoards up gold,  
And ever wakes his hidden wealth to hold.  
The pleading bars another doth admire,  
And high applause from every seat desire  
Plebeians, and Patritians; some for goods  
Their guilty hands embrue in brothers bloods.  
Some from their houses and dear countries come  
In banishment, to seek a forreine home:  
Whilest the industrious husband plowes the soile,  
And takes the profit of his yearly toyle.  
With which his house and country too he serves,  
And

And feedes his Heards, & th' Oxe that wel deserves.  
No fruitlesse time; young Cattell still are bred,  
Or Corne is reap'd, or fruits are gathered,  
Corne that the furrowes lades, and barnes doth fill.  
When Winter comes, Oyle in the Olive mill  
They make; and Porkers fat with Acorns grow;  
The Woods yeeld Crabs but Autumne does bestow  
All kindes of pleasant fruit; the grapes hang by  
Hot sunny walls, and ripen perfectly.  
Meanewhile his pretty children kissing cull  
His neck: his house is chaste; with Vdders full  
His Kine come home; and in the flowery Meads  
His frisking Kids do butt with tender heads.  
He feasts himselfe upon the grassie ground,  
Whilst 'bout the fire carowling cups are crown'd;  
And *Bacchus* is invok'd in sacrifice;  
Then 'mongst his herdsmen makes a darding prize,  
And sets the mark upon an Elme; or they  
Prepar'd for wrastring, their hard lims display.  
Such lives as this the ancient Sabines led,  
And so were *Romulus* and *Remus* bred;  
So grew renowned Tuscany to fame,  
So Rome the greatest of all lands became,  
And in one wall did seven great hills containe.

And

And thus before Dictæan love did reigne,  
And impious nations on slaine cattell fed,  
His life on earth the golden Saturne led,  
No classicks founded then, nor mortall blade  
Of swords, the Smiths laborious anvile made.  
But we enough have now produc'd our course,  
And time it is to ease our wearyed horse.

FINIS.

Annotations upon the  
second Booke.

**C**Aius (2) Mecænas, that famous che-  
risher of good learning, to whom our  
Poet in this place acknowledges so much, was  
a Gentleman of Etruria, in high favour with  
Augustus Cæsar, and in great employment  
of State under him. Hee was in his friends  
shop with learned men, not onely bountifull,  
but judicious in the placing of his bounty,  
and

and above all others fortunate in the choise of the men. Among all the Poets, in that wise age wherein he lived, Virgil and Horace were the onely two, which I can finde, whose meanes fortunes needed his liberalitie, as well as their virtues deserved his acquaintance: how liberall he was, their often acknowledgements in their Works, have testified to the world: how judicious or fortunate he was in those mens acquaintance, no age of the world hath since beene ignorant; his name having beene generally used for the love of learning, no lesse than Cæsar's for Imperiall dignity (though there were, both in that and the following ages, as Juvenal witnesseth in his seventh Satyr, other men of honourable name and esteeme in Rome, who were lovers of such things, as Fabius, Cotta, Proculius, Lentulus, &c.) Those  
Lords

Lords either fayled in judgement in the  
choyse of their friends, or the injury of their  
times afforded them not wits able enough  
to raise their fames; since wee finde not any  
such manifest honour done to their memorias  
as to this Mecenas. whose fortune it was,  
that Virgil and Horace should live in his  
time; and in such estates, as to need his  
bounty for his owne honour: which is not a  
thing incident to every age, though witty  
Martial in an Epigram of his could speake  
thus,

Sint Mecenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones.  
yet the contrary by experience hath oft been  
found. Maroes have beene borne when no  
Mecenas'es have lived to cherish them (as  
Homer the wonder of posteritie, in his owne  
time little esteemed) and Mecenas'es have  
lived and wanted Maroes. What Monarch

*in the world was ever more desirous of fame in that kinde, and more able to requite than Alexander the Great? Hee that so much honoured the memory of Homer, and at the Sacking of Thebes spared all the posteritie of the Poet Pindarus, found in his owne time no able Poet to celebrate his fame. There were in his time ( as Arianus witnesseth in the life of Alexander ) many Poets, who would have written of him, and stirred up by the greatnesse of his actions, or moved with hopes from his known bounty, had written in the praise of him; but such and so poore were their inspirations, they neyther deserved the acceptation of Alexander, nor the sight of posterity.*

(6) *The Poplar is called the tree of Hercules for this reason, as the Poets faine: When Hercules had entred into Hell, redeemed*

med Theseus from prison there, and returned victorious, leading out Cerberus in triumph after him; the first tree that he espied was a Poplar tree, of which he made himselfe a Garland, and crowned himselfe after his new conquest.

(c) Our Poet, after the description of those severall trees of strange natures, which enrich the severall climates of the earth, takes an occasion, by way of comparison, to extoll in all kinds the fruitfulnessse, and with all the happinesse of his native Italy, the magnificence of the Italian Cities, the multitude and bravery of her people: Of the populousnesse of Italy thus Plinius at one place speaketh. This is that Italy, which, when Lucius Aemilius Paulus and Caius Attilius were Consuls upon the fame of the tumult of Gallia, armed presently of her own  
E 2 forces,

forces, without the aide of any forreyners, and without mustering of any Italians beyond the river of Po, thirty thousand horsemen, and seventy thousand foot: and Diodorus Siculus speaking of Rome before the second Carthaginian warre, sayes that the Senate as it were foreseeing the coming of Annibal with a warre so bloody, tooke a generall survey of themselves and their tributaries, and found the number of men fit to beare armes, to be ten hundred thousand. And speaking also of the populousnesse of the Island of Sicily, esteemed then as a part of Italy (for it was all called magna Græcia) bids us not wonder at those mighty armies of Ninus, Semiramis, Darius, or Xerxes, since Dionysius the tyrant, out of Syracuse onely, armed an hundred and twenty thousand footmen, with twelve thousand horsemen, and a navy  
of



of foure hundred ships out of one haven.

(d) The sacrifices, which in ancient times were offered to the gods, were alwayes chosen either for likenesse or contrariety: for likenesse some were offered, as to Pluto the King of the darke world a blacke sheepe or steere were offered in sacrifice. Others for contrarietie and hatred; as a Sow, because she rovetb up land and spoyleth corne, was offered unto Ceres: the Goat, because he browzeth the Vines, was offered to Bacchus: th: Goat was likewise offered to Æsculapius the god of health, because the Goat is never without a fever.

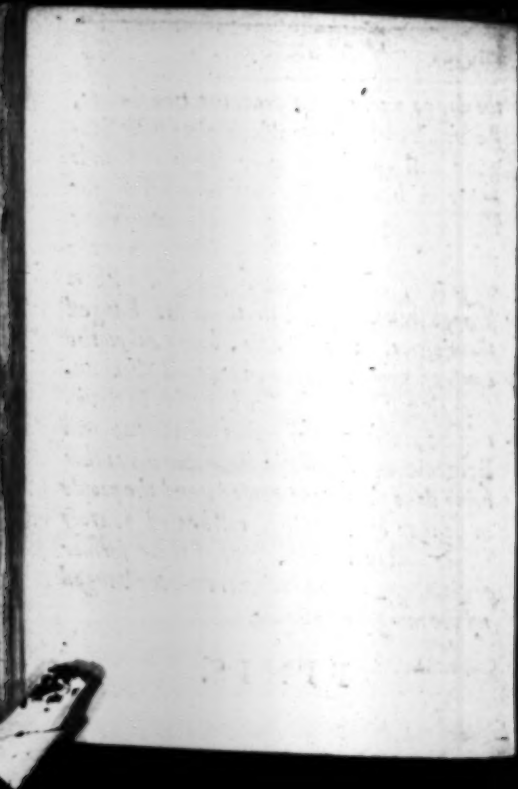
(e) In those old playes which the Athenians instituted in the honour of Bacchus, the people danced with wine bottles made of Goat-skinnes, to insult as it were over the Goats after they were dead. Of these Goat-

*tragos* (for *tragos* in Greeke signifieth a Goat) came up first the name of Tragedies.

(1) These playes were instituted to Bacchus by the Athenians for this reason; Bacchus bestowed a bottle of sweet wine upon Icarus an Athenian Shepheard. This Icarus coming to the company of some other labouring people of the country, set his bottle of wine before them. The plaine labourers not knowing the quality of the liquor, but delighted with the sweetnesse of it, drunke intemperately, and feeling themselves much altered in their braines, and their whole bodies, they killed Icarus, supposing that he had given them payson. The dog of Icarus returning home to Erigone his daughter, conducted her, who followed the dogge, unto her fathers dead body. Erigone impatient of grieve, hanged her selfe upon a pine tree, and  
the

the dogge parting not from the two bodies, starved himselfe: for which piety both Eri-gone and the dogge were taken and made signes in heaven. But not long after, for these murders unrevenge, the Athenians were visited with a great pestilence, and the virgins of Athens were possessed with a strange frenzie, and in their fits hanged themselves. The Oracle, being asked the cause of this pestilence, returned them answer, that it should cease when they in devotion had interred the bodies of Icarus and Erigone, and revenged their murders: this being done, the plague ceased, and the people in honour of Bacchus celebrated yearly playes, and in remembrance of their former frenzy, upon pines or other trees were hanged up the images of virgins.

F I N I S.



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## GEORGICON.

## The third BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**T**He art of grazing, with the different cares  
Of different cattell, this third book declares;  
Of warlike Horses, of the labouring Oxe, (flocks  
Shag-bearded Goats, and snow-white woolly  
Their breeding, feeding, profitable use,  
Last their diseases, and the cures it shewes.  
But by the way our Poet promising  
This subject done, great Cæsar's deeds to sing,  
Makes present mention of them, and declares  
His glorious triumphs, and late finish'd wars,  
Which Nile, swift Tigris, and Euphrates saw,  
And Crassus ensigns fetch'd from Parthia.

**O**F thee, great Pales, and Apollo now (you  
Thou fam'd Amphrysian Shepheard, and of  
Arcadian woods & streams Ile sing. Those known  
Old strains, that would have pleas'd light minds,  
(are growing

Vulgar; who cannot of Eurysteus tell,  
Or of Busiris blood-stain'd altars tell?  
Who of Latonian Dele, or Hylas now,  
Or ivory-shoulder'd Pelops does not know  
For riding fam'd, or his (\*) Hippodame?  
Some new attempted Straine must lift up me  
From ground, and spread my fame to every care.  
I first, returning, to my countrey deare  
Will from th' Aonian mountaine bring with me  
The Muses (live I) and first honour thee  
Mahtua, with Idumæan Palmes of praise;  
A marble temple in the field Ile raise  
Neare to the streame where winding Minclus flow,  
Cloathing his banks with tender reedes, doth flow.  
In midst shall *Cæsars* altar stand; whose power  
Shall guard the Fane; to him I Conquerer  
Will on the shore, with Purple cloath'd in state,  
Circensian Playes in chariots celebrate.  
All Greece shall gladly celebrate our fames,  
Leaving th' Olympicke, and Nemæan games,  
With racing and the whorlebat fight, whilest I  
Crown'd with a tender branch of Olive tree  
My offerings bring; Oh how I long to see!  
The sacrificing pompe in order rang'd

To th' Temple come, or how the Scene oft chang'd  
Varies her face: or how the <sup>(b)</sup> Brittaines raise  
That purple Curtaine which themselves displaies.  
About the doores the Indian victory  
Describ'd in gold and polish'd ivory, (showing  
With great Quirinus <sup>(c)</sup> armes shall stand, there  
Great Nile with <sup>(d)</sup> Wars, as well as Waters, flowing;  
And navall Triumphs in brasse Pillars cut;  
The conquer'd Asian Cities there lie put,  
Niphates, and the Parthian <sup>(e)</sup> foci, that fight  
Retiring, and direct their shafts in flight.  
Two Trophies tane from th'Eaſt & Western ſhore,  
And both thoſe Nations twice triumphed ore.  
In Parian marble carv'd with cunning hand,  
The race of great *Aſſaracus* ſhall ſtand,  
And *Tros*, that from high *Ioue* their birth derive,  
And *Phaëbus* too, who firſt did Troy contrive.  
Thoſe wretches, that ſhall envie this, ſhall ſcare  
The Furies dire, Cocytus flood ſevere,  
And *Sifyphus* ſtill rowling ſtone, or feele  
*Ixion's* wreathed Snakes, or racking Wheele.  
Meanwhile let us follow the Woods, and Lands  
Vntouch'd; ſuch are, *Mecenas*, thy commands.  
My breaſt, without thee, no high rapture fills;  
Inspire

Inspire me then without delay ; the hills  
Cythæron high, of Dogs Taygeta proud,  
And Epire fam'd for Horses, call aloud.  
Whose noise the echoing Woods redoubled bring,  
After of *Cæsar's* glorious warres Ile sing,  
And through as many ages spread his praise,  
As have already past to *Cæsar's* dayes.

Who ere in hope to win th' Olympick prize  
Would keep good Horses, or else exercise (tooke  
Strong Steeres to plow; best choise from Dams is  
That Cow proves best that has the roughest look,  
Great head and neck, and downe unto her knee  
Her dangling dewlaps hang ; sides long and high  
All must be great : yea even her feet ; her eare  
Vnder her crooked hornes must rough appeare.  
I like the colour spotted, partly white ;  
Loath to endure the yoke, and apt to fight ;  
In all most like the Bull ; in stature tall,  
Her sweeping taile down to the ground doth fall.  
Best age to go to bull, or calve, we hold,  
Begins at foure, and ends at ten yeare old.  
All other ages nor for breeding fit,  
Nor strong for plow ; but i' th' mean time, whilst yet  
The flocks have lusty youth, let the males go

Without



Without restraint to Venery, and so  
By timely broodes preserve a perfect kinde.  
Their first age best all wretched mortals finde;  
After diseases, and old age do come,  
Labour, and deaths inexorable doome.  
There still will be, whose bodies with thy will (still;  
Thou wouldst with chang'd. Therefore repara the  
And lest thy kinde quite lost thou finde too late  
Prevent the losse, and yearly propagate.  
And such a choise you must in horses make;  
But him, whom you for Stallion meane to take,  
As hope of all the race, elect with care  
Even from a tender colt; such colts as are  
Of generous race, straight, when they first are sol'd,  
Walk proudly, their soft ioynts scarce knit, & bold  
Dare lead the way, into the rivers enter,  
And dare themselves on unknown seas to venture.  
Not frighted with vaine noises; lofty neck'd,  
Short headed slender belly'd, and broad back'd,  
Broad and full breasted; let his colour be  
Bright bay, or grey; white proves not commonly  
Nor flesh-colour. When Wars alarumes sound  
His nostrils gather and breathe fire; no ground  
Can hold his shaking ioynts; his care advances,  
His.

His thick shag'd mane on his right shoulder dices  
His back bones broad & strong, the hollow'd groove  
Trampled beneath his hard round hoof doth sound  
Such was that horse, which Spartan (\*) *Pollux* tam'd  
Fierce *Cyllarus*, and *Mars* his horses fam'd  
By th' old Greek Poets, or those two that drew  
*Achilles* chariot; such a shape and hew  
At his wives comming, flying (8) *Saturne* took,  
And all high *Pelion* with shrill neighings shook.  
Yet when disease or age have brought to nought  
This horses spirit, let him at home be wrought,  
Nor spare his base old age. A Horse grown old  
Though he in vaine attempt it oft; is cold  
To Venerie, and when he's brought to try  
(Like that great strengthlesse fire in stubble dry)  
In vaine he rages; therefore first tis good  
To mark his age, his courage and his broode  
With other arts; how sad a horse will be  
When overcome, how proud of victory.  
Dost thou not see, when through the field in speed  
Two racing chariots from the lists are fled,  
The young mens hearts all rise, as forth they start,  
And fear with joy confounded strikes each hart?  
They give their horse the reins, and lash them on,  
Their

Their hurried wheelles enflaming as they run;  
Now low they go, now rise as they would flye  
Through th' empty aire, and mount up to the sky:  
No resting, no delay; a sandy cloud  
Darkens the ayre; they on through shoutings loud  
Of standers by, all sweat and some do fly,  
So great's their love of praise and victory.

First <sup>(b)</sup>*Eriethonius* chariots did invent,  
And by foure horses drawne in triumph went.  
The <sup>(i)</sup>*Peletonian* Lapithes first found  
The use of backing horses, taught them bound,  
And run the ring; taught Riders t<sup>e</sup> exercise  
In martiall ranks, both equall mysteries:  
The masters of both these have equall neede  
To finde out horse of courage, and good speed,  
Though nere so nobly born, though oft in game  
They won the prize, and for their country claime  
Epire, or fam'd Mycenæ, or else tooke  
Their birth at first from *Neptune's* trident's stroke.

These things observ'd, at covering time, they care  
To make their Stallion strongly fat and faire  
The father of their broode; for him they mow  
Choyse grasse, sweet streames, & corn to him allow,  
Lest he should faile his pleasant worke to do,

And

And th' young ones starvelings from his hunger  
But they of purpose keep the Femals light (grow  
And leane: and when they have an appetite  
To Venerie, let them not drink nor eat,  
And course them oft, and tire them in the heat,  
When in full Barnes the ripe Corne crowded lyes,  
And emptie chaffe before the West winde flies.  
And this they do lest too much ranknesse make  
The breeding soile, and fatted furrowes take  
Too dull a sense; but that they should draw in  
Seed with desire, and lodge it safe within.

Now to the Dams our care comes from the Sires  
They great, when now their time almost expires,  
Let no man yoake them then for worke, nor make  
Them leap a ditch, nor let them swimming take  
Swift flouds, nor cours'd about the meadowes bee.  
But let them feed in empty fields, where free  
The water is; the banks with mosse are stor'd,  
And rocky caves a coole sweet shade afford.  
About Alburnus still with holly greene,  
And Silarus high woods great Flies are scene:  
In Roman term'd *Albi* antiently  
*Oestra* in Greek, a fierce loud-buzzing Fly;  
Whose terror makes th' affrighted Cattell fly

As chas'd about the woods, and pierce the sky  
With lowings loud; which through that country  
The woods, & bankes of Tanager resound. (round  
With this dire Monster once did *I* show  
Her vengefull spite 'gainst *it* then a Cow.  
This fly (for most he stings in heat of day)  
From Cattell great with young keep thou away,  
Or bring them not abroad to feed alone  
Vnlesse at morne, or after sun is down.  
After the breeding they use all their care  
About the young ones, of what birth they are  
Their markes discover; they designe each one  
His severall use; one for a Stallion  
Is kept, another for a Sacrifice,  
A third for Plowing, from whose toile arise  
The harvests fruits; the rest a grazing go  
Vpon the Verdant fields. But those whom thou  
Intendst for Husbandry, begin to tame  
Their courages while they are Calves, and frame  
Them for the Plow betimes, while yet their rage  
But tender is, and flexible their age.  
Loose Collars first of tender branches make  
For their soft necks; then, when they freely take  
The Yoake by custome, yoake a paire, and so

F

Teach

Teach them in order and a-breast to goe.  
And let them first draw empty Wheelles, or rake  
The ground but sleightly, and smal furrowes make,  
Then afterwards under a deep-strook Plow  
They'le learne to tug till th' Axeltree do bow.  
But to thy yet-untamed Calves allow  
Not only grasse, and sea-grasse, that doth grow  
In fenny grounds, with willow leaves; but still  
Feede them with corne thy selfe: and do not fill  
Thy milking-pailes from th' Vdders, as of yore,  
But let them freely suck their mothers store.

But if thy minde thou more to war do give,  
Or through *Ioue's* wood wouldst racing chariots  
And swiftly passe by Pifa's riuer side: (drive,  
The first taske is to make thy horse abide  
To see the Souldiers armes, heare their loud voices,  
The Trumpets sound, and rattling chariots noises,  
And oft within the stable let him heare  
The clashing whip; he'le more and more appeare  
To be delighted with his masters praise,  
And when he strokes his necke, his courage raise.  
When first he's wean'd from sucking let him hear  
These things, and trembling be compell'd to wear  
Soft halters oft about his head; but when

His life has scene foure Summers, teach him then  
To run the round, in order right to beat  
The ground, and both waies skillfully curvet  
As if he toil'd; then let him with his speede  
Challenge the winde, and from all curbing free'd,  
Scoure ore the champion fields so swift, that there  
The sands no print of his light hoof do beare.  
So when the Scythian gusts and North-east-winde  
From their cold quarter fiercely blow, and binde  
The dry clouds up: all ore the waving field  
Corn bows with equall blasts, woods tops do yeeld  
A murmuring noise: long waves roule to the shore.  
Forth flies the winde, sweeps lands and waters ore,  
Thy Horse thus order'd to the races end  
All bloody foam'd, victoriously will tend;  
Or else his tamed neck will better bow  
To draw the Belgian chariot; let him grow  
Full fed, when once he's broken well, nor feare  
His growth; so fed before he's broke, he'll beare  
Too great a stomack patiently to feele  
The lashing whip, or chew the curbing Steele.  
But no one care doth more their strength improve,  
Than still to keep them from Venercall love,  
(Whether in Horse or Bullocks be thy care)

Therefore their Bulls they send to Pastures farre  
To graze alone, where Rivers are between  
Or Hills, or feed them at full Racks within.  
For the faire Femals fight with secret fire  
Consumes their strength, and lessens all desire  
Of feeding in them; her temptations make  
Two stubborne Bulls a combate undertake,  
And with their Hornes to try their utmost deedes.  
In the great Wood the beauteous Heyfer feedes,  
Whilst they contending with their utmost spite;  
Their wounded bodies lay'd in blood, do fight.  
Their Hornes with fury meet, their bellowings  
Olympus great, and all nere woods resound. (resound)  
Nor do they after both together feede,  
Far into exile goes the vanquished,  
And there alone in forreine fields bewailes  
His sad disgrace, how his proud foe prevailes,  
He unrevenged forc'd to lose his love,  
And from his native Countrey to remove.  
Then he with care his strength doth exercise;  
Vpon the hardest stones all night he lyes;  
On roughest leaves, and sharpest herbs he feedes,  
Oft tryes himself; with wrathfull horns proceedes  
Against the trunks of Trees with furious strokes;  
And



And with his strength the winde it selfe provoked.  
Each place beholds the Prologue to his fight.  
But when his strength is recollected quite,  
And well improv'd, he doth with fury go  
To meete againe his not forgotten fo.  
As when a furious foaming billow rose  
In the mid-sea, and thence with horror goes  
To beat the rocky shore, resounding straight,  
And falls no lesse than with a mountaines weighe.  
The Seas low'st part mixt with his highest fomes,  
And belch'd black sand up from the bottom comes.  
Even so all kindes on earth, led by desire,  
Men, Beasts, Fish, painted Fowle to this sweet fire  
With fury run: Love is the same to all.  
The furious Lionesse no time at all  
Forgetting yong ones, through the fields doth rore  
And rage so much, nor ougly Beares do more  
Black slaughters make, nor throug the woods more  
Do cruell Bores and furious Tygers make. (wracke  
In Libyan desarts tis ill wandring then.  
See how the Horses ioynts all tremble, when (seale.  
A Mare's known sent he through the aire doth  
No stripes, no strength of men, no bits of Steele,  
No Rocks, nor Dikes, nor Rivers in his way,

Which roule whole mountaines, can his fury stay.  
The sterne Sabellian Bore in love doth whet  
His tusks, and digge the earth up with his feet:  
Against a tree he rubs his lusty side  
Rowzing his bristles with a martiall pride. (heat  
What dares the young man do, whom loves strong  
Torments within? though stormes be nere so great,  
He ore the seas in midst of night dares swim, (him,  
Although the heavens showre down their spite on  
And though the sea-beat rocks resound amaine.  
No weeping parents can his course restraine,  
Nor that faire Maide whose death his death must  
Why should I speak of spotted Lynxes love? (prove.  
Of Dogs, and cruell Wolves? or shew what warre  
Faint Deer in love will make? but strangest farre  
Is those Mares furious love, which *Venus* sent,  
Whē they their Master (\*) *Glancus* peecemeal rent.  
Love makes them mount ore lofty Gargarus,  
And swim the streames of swift Ascanius. (burnes  
And when Love's flame their greedy marrowes  
Most in the spring (for heat then most returnes  
To th' bones) up to high rocks they take their places,  
And to the Western winde all turn their faces,  
Suck in the blasts, and (wondrous to be said)

Grow

Grow great with Fole without the Horses ayd.  
Then ore the rocks and vallies all they run,  
Not to the North, nor to the rising Sun,  
Nor Caurus quarter, nor the South, whence rise  
Black showres, which darken & disturbe the skies.  
Hence flows thick poison from the groines of these,  
Which Shepheards truly call Hippomanes,  
Hippomanes, which oft bad stepdames use,  
And charming words, and banefull herbs infuse,  
But Time irreparable flies away,  
While we too much of every thing would say,  
Let this suffice of Heards: our tother care  
Shall woolly Sheep, and shaggy Goats declare.  
This is a taske: hence, Shepheards, hope to get  
Your praise: nor am I ignorant how great  
A paine twill be in words to hit it right,  
And give such lustre to a subiect sleight.  
But me the sweet desire of fame doth beare  
Over Parnassus hardest ridges, there,  
Where never path nor track before I saw  
Of former Writers to Castalia.  
Now hallowed Pales in a losry straine  
Ile sing; but first I counsell to containe  
Your Sheep within soft stals to feed at home,

Whilst Winter lasts, till flowery Summer come :  
Bundles of Straw, and Brakes upon the ground  
Strow under them, lest the cold ice should wound  
The tender Cattle, and bring scabs and rots.  
This done, I counsell thee to feed thy Goats  
With arbute trees and streames that freshly run;  
And 'gainst the Winde, toward the Winter sun  
Directly to th' Meridian build thy Stals,  
When now the long-chilling Aquarius falls,  
And lends a moisture to the ending year.  
Let these unto our care be no lesse deare,  
Nor are they lesse of use; though nere so high  
Milesian fleeces with the purple dye  
Of Tyre be sold. But Goates, if well they thrive,  
Bring young ones after, and more Milk do give.  
And still the more the milking Pailles are fill'd,  
The more their swelling Vdders still will yeeld.  
Besides the Beards, grey Skins, and bristly Haire  
Of the Cyniphian Goats the owners sheare  
To make their Tents, and cloath poore Marriners.  
They feed on Woods & Mountaines tops, on Briers,  
Brambles, and Bushes of the greatest height.  
And of their owne accords come home at night,  
Scarce able their swell'd Vdders to get ore

The  
A

The Threshold then. For this do thou the more  
Guard them from Ice, and Winter winde (the leffe  
Themselves perceive mortalities distresse)  
Bring them for food sweet Boughes & Ofsars cut,  
Nor all the Winter long thy hay-ricke shut.  
But when faire Summer comes, when West windes  
Let both thy flocks to field a grazing goe. (blow  
When first bright Lucifer appears, along  
The yet coole pastures lead the forth, whilst yong  
The Morning is, whilst all the Grasse is greye,  
And mingled with sweet Dew; that Dew away  
Tane by the fourth houres thirsty Sun, when roūd  
The fields with noise of Grashoppers resound,  
Lead down thy flocks unto the Rivers brink,  
Or else in wooden Channels make them drink;  
In th' heat of day for shady Vallies looke,  
On which some stately, and far spreading Oke  
Sacred to Iove, or Holly grove do grow,  
Which darke, but sacred Shadowes do bestow;  
Then sleightly water them againe, and let  
Them feed abroad againe about Sun-set,  
When night to th' ayre a cooler temper yeelds,  
And dew refreshing on the Pasture fields  
The Moone bestowes, Kings-fishers play on shore,  
And

And thistles tops are fill'd with Linnets store.  
What need I sing of Libyan Shepherds, and  
Their feeding countries, where few houses stand?  
There oft the flocks whole moneths, both night &  
Do without stals along the desarts stray. (day  
The Libyan Shepherd carryes with him ever  
His armes, his Spartan Dog, his Cretan Quiver,  
His House, and Victuals too; provided so  
To Wars far off the Roman Souldiers go,  
When they too heavie laden march, and yet  
Before the Fo expect, entamped get.  
But neere Maxors in cold Scythian lands,  
Where Ister tumbles up his yellow sands,  
Where Rhodope's extended to the North,  
From Stals they never bring their Cattell forth.  
No Herbage cloaths those fields, no leaves appears  
Vpon their naked trees, but farre and neer,  
The hidden ground with hard frosts evermore,  
And snow seven cubites deep is cover'd ore.  
Cold North-west-winds stil freezing blow, nor ere  
Do *Phæbus* beames their pallid darknesse cleare,  
Not whan he rises to his height, nor whan  
His ruddy chariot falls in th' Ocean.  
The running streames so hard are freezed there

The

The waters back will Cart-wheeles iron'd beare;  
In stead of Ships there Horse, and Wagons run;  
Brasse cleaves with cold asunder; Cloaths put on  
Freeze hard; whole Ponds by Frosts, which never  
Are turn'd to solid Ice; they do not draw (thaw,  
But cut their Wine with Hatchets, and upon  
Their Beards hang Ifficles congealed downe.  
Meane time perpetuall snowing fills the ayre;  
The Cattell dy, the Beeves most great and faire  
Are starv'd in drifts of Snow; whole Herds of Deer  
So far are hid that scarce their hornes appeare.  
For these they spread no toiles, nor hunt they there  
With Dogs, but kill them with a sword or speare,  
While they in vaine strive to remove away  
Those hills of Snow, and pitifully bray;  
And home with joyfull shouts they bear them then;  
For under ground in deep-digg'd Caves the men  
Secure, and warmly dwell; the night they turne  
To mirth, and sport, and at one fire do burne  
Whole oakes and elmes; and in full bowles they  
Their tast with fresh sowre iuice of services (please  
In stead of wine; a people rough and bold  
Like these, beneath the Northren Wagons cold  
Do live, which beasts skins warmest furs do weare.  
Bleak

Bleake Eastern windes still beat upon them there  
If thou regard their Wooll, let them not go  
Where bushes are, where burs and thistles grow,  
Nor in a grasse too rich. Be sure to choose  
Thy flocks with white soft fleeces, but refuse  
That Ram (although the fleece upon his backe  
Be nere so white) whose only tongue is blacke,  
Lest he do staine the fleeces of his Lambs  
With spots, but chuse another 'mongst the Rams.  
So with a Snowy fleeced Ram (if we  
Trust fame) did *Pan* the god of Arcady  
Deceive thee *Luna*, nor didst thou dildaine  
Within the Woods to ease a Lovers paine.

But who so loves their Milke, to them must hee  
With his own hands bring Claver, Trifoly, (store  
And saltest grasse, which makes them drink more  
Than else they would, & swells their Vdders more,  
And tafts of salt do in their milke remaine.  
Some from their Danis the tender Kids restraine,  
And with sharpe muzzles bar their sucking quite.  
Their morning meale of milk they presse at night;  
That which they milk at night as Sun goes down,  
The Shepheard carries to his market town  
Next morne in Panyers, or with salt bestowes,  
And



And layes it up till Winter colder growes.

Nor let thy Dogs be thy last care, but feede  
With fattest Whey, as well as Dogs of speede  
Which Sparta sends, thy Mastives fierce, for nere  
Whilst they do guard thy folds, needst thou to feare  
The Wolves invasion, nor the Thiefe by night,  
Nor Mountainers that do in stealth delight.

Thou oft with Dogs mayst ore the Plaines space  
Wilde Asses, Deere, or Hares for pleasure chace,  
Or rowze with their loud yelps the chased Bore  
From out his rough, and desert Den, or ore  
The lofty Mountaines in delightfull view  
A lusty Stag into thy toiles pursue.

But learn to burne within thy sheltering rooms  
Sweet Iuniper, and with Galbanean gums  
Drive Adders thence; for Vipers, that do fly  
The light, oft under unmov'd Stals do ly,  
Or Snakes, that use within the house for shade,  
Securely lurk, and like a plague invade  
Thy Cattell with their venom; Shepheard take  
A staffe or stones with thee, and kill the Snake  
Swelling, and hissing from his threatening throte.  
For though his head into a hole be got,  
His middle swines, his taile, and parts behinde

Ly;

Lye ope, and slowly after tother winde.  
As bad's that snake, which in Calabrian Lawns  
Doth live, and his proud neck aloft advance,  
And rowling makes a long, and winding track.  
His belly's spotted, scaled is his back. (blow,  
Who in the spring, when showery Southwinde  
When grounds are moist, and rivers overflow  
Lives upon ponds, and banks, and ravening still  
With Frogs, and Fishes his black maw doth fill.  
But when all grounds, yea fens themselves are dry  
And cleft with chinks, upon dry ground is he,  
And rowling then his fiery eyes doth threat  
The fields, and rages, vex'd with drought & heat.  
Oh let not me then take sweet sleepes abroad,  
Nor lye secure under the shady wood,  
When he, his skin new cast, his youth renewing:  
Lifts up his head, his tongue threeforked shewing  
In heat of day, and through the field doth come  
His egges or young ones having left at home.

He teach thee now the signes and causes all  
Of each disease; On sheep the scab will fall  
When cold raw humours pierce them to the quick,  
Or searching frosts, or sweat unwash'd off stick  
Vpon their new-shorne skins, or brambles teare  
Their

Their flesh ; for that wise Shepheards every where  
Do in sweet Rivers wash their new-shorn flocks :  
The drenched Ram down the streame swimming  
His Fleece, & Skin Or else with oiles fat lees (sokes  
They 'noint their new-shorn Sheep, & mix with  
Iran pitch, quick Sulphur, silvers spume, (these  
Sea Onyon, Hellebore, and black Bitume.  
No kinde of cure 's mote full of present hope  
Than with a knife to cut the Vloer ope.  
For else the hidden venome let alone  
Both lives, and growes ; whilst making of his mone  
Vnto the gods, the idle Shepheard stands,  
And to the wound denies his lancing hands.  
But when a Fever dry shall seize upon  
Their loyns, and pierce into the inmost Bone,  
Tis best to keep them then from heat, and cut  
That full swell'd Veine at bottome of the foot.  
As the Bisaltian Macedonians do,  
And fierce Gelonians, when they fly unto  
High Rodope, or the Getes farthest wood,  
And drink their milk mingled with horses blood.  
But where thou seest one Sheep too often ly  
In shade at rest, and crop too lazily  
The tops of grasse, or keep aloofe from all,

Or

Or ly along to feed, or to the stall  
Returne home late alone, straight kill that sheep  
Before th' infection through th' whole flocke doe  
No seas are subiect to mo tempests still (creep.  
Than sheep, are to diseases, which do kil  
Not single ones, but the whole hopefull flocke,  
And at one blow rob thee of all thy stocke.  
Then who has known the Alpes, th' Illyrian high  
Castles, and Fields, that by Timavus lye,  
May yet behold after so long, the land  
Lye wast, and Shepherds dwellings empty stand.  
Here by corruption of the ayre so strong  
A plague arose, and rag'd all Autumn long,  
That all wilde Beasts, all Cattell perished,  
All pasture fields, and ponds were poisoned.  
Nor single was the way to death, but when  
A thirsty fire burnt up their flesh, even then  
Moist humours flow'd againe, and not at once,  
But by degrees did melt away the bones.  
An Oxe that is for the gods service prest  
In all his trimmings, and white garlands drest  
Before the Altar dyes, as there he stands  
Preventing the slow sacrificers hands.  
Or if that slaine by the Priests hand he fall,

His

His entrailes fired yeeld no flame at all,  
Nor can the Prophets thence give answers good;  
The Knives themselves are scarce distain'd with  
The sand below with black-filth darkned is. (blood;  
Hence the young Calf in richest pasture dyes,  
And at full racks his sweetest breath forsakes.  
Kinde fawning Dogs grow mad, strong coughing  
The sick short-winded, purse Hogs, & pains (shakes  
Their stubborn iawes; the conquering Horse dis-  
The pleas'd streams, & sick forgetteth quite (daines  
His food, and th' honour of a race or fight.  
Of with his hooves he beates the earth, his carcs  
Hang downe, his sweat uncertainly appeares;  
But cold before his death, his skin is dry,  
And to the touch resisting ruggedly.  
These signes of death you at the first may know:  
But if by time the plague more cruell grow,  
Their eyes are fiery then, their far-drawn breath  
Is with a groane exprest; their flanks beneath  
Stretch'd with oft sobbing; a black blood doth flow  
Fro out their nostrils; their tongues rugged grow;  
Their iawes grow close & hard; which help'd hath  
By drenching the thorough a horn with wine. (bin  
That drench sometimes has wrought a cure alone;

Sometimes has brought a worse destruction.  
For they refresh'd, more fiercely mad have grown,  
And with impatient furie torne their own  
Flesh from their bared bones (so of their foes,  
Of good men better, let the gods dispose)  
The labouring Oxe now sweating at the Plow  
Falls downe, and dyes, & from his mouth doth flow  
Blood mix'd with foame, yeelding his latest groane.  
The weeping Plowman tother Oxe alone  
Vnyokes, which wailes his fellowes death, and now  
Abroad in Field lyes the forsaken Plow.  
His mourning minde no shade of lofty woods,  
No flowery meadowes, nor clear Chrystall floods  
Which ore the rocks, and through green fields do  
Can comfort now; his bowels on each side (glide,  
Consume; his settled eyes unmov'd are grown,  
And his unweildy necke hangs bending down.  
What now availes his former fruitfull toyle?  
That he so often plow'd the fertile soyle?  
Besides, no riotous, no costly feast,  
No rich Campanian wine brought his unrest.  
Greene leaves and simple herbage was his food,  
His drink cleare water from the running flood.  
No cares disturb'd his sleep. That time (they say

Watson

Within those Regions Oxen wanted they  
For *Iuno's* sacrifice; her chariots than  
By beasts unlike were to the temple drawn.  
Therefore they digg'd their ground with much ado,  
And with their hands thrust down the seed they sow.  
And ore the lofty mountaines not disdain,  
For want of beasts themselves to draw the waine.  
No wolves do now about the sheepfold spy  
How to assault the flock by treachery;  
A greater sorrow tames the wolves; the Deers  
And fearfull Harts do wander every where  
Amidst the Dogs, about the houses round.  
The scaly Nation of the sea profound,  
The Fishes, that all ponds and rivers store,  
Float dead, like shipwrack'd bodies, to the shore;  
Sea-calves unwonted to fresh rivers fly:  
The water-snakes, with scales up-standing, dy:  
The Viper vainly fenced by his hole  
Dyes there: the aire to every sort of Fowle  
Vngentle grows, who, whilst their flights they take  
High in the aire both flight and life forsake.  
Nor does it boote them now to change their food;  
All arts are hurtfull, leaches do no good;  
Nor learned *Chiron*, nor *Melampus* sage.

The pale *Tisiphone* with all her rage  
Is to the light from Stygian darknesse sent ;  
Before her feares, and pale diseases went ;  
Her murderous head higher, and higher still  
She daily lifts ; each river, banke, and hill,  
The bleats of sheep, and bullocks lowings fill.  
Now in whole flocks they fall, and heap'd on high,  
Even in the strals the carrion'd bodies lye,  
Till men had learn'd t'interre them under ground  
In dikes ; for of their hides no use was found ;  
Nor could they reast their flesh, nor wash it cleare,  
Nor their disease-corrupted fleeces shear,  
Nor touch the tainted webb ; for who so ere  
Durst once attempt those hated cloaths to  
Hot Carbuncles did on their bodies grow, (weare,  
And Lice-engendring sweat did overflow ;  
And ere long time in this infection past,  
A red \* hot swelling all their limmes did waite.  
\* *Saint Antonies fire.*

Finis libri tertij.



Annotations upon the  
third B O O K E.

**H**ippodamia (<sup>a</sup>) was daughter to Oenomaus King of the cities of Elis and Pisa. This Oenomaus had horses of wondrous speed (as being begotten by the winds) and admitted suiters to his daughter Hippodamia, upon this condition, that they should run a race in chariots with him: upon him that conquered, hee would bestow his daughter; but whom hee vanquished, hee would kill. When by this cruel meanes hee had killed many that came as suiters to her, and she at last was faine in love with Pelops, she corrupted Myrtilus her fathers charioteer to let Pelops win, promising him for that favour hee should first enjoy her and have her maydenhead. Myrtilus upon this pro-

wise put on false wheels upon the chariot of Oenomaus; and when Pelops was conqueror, and obtained the Lady, Myrtilus demanding her promise from her, was by Pelops her husband tumbled downe headlong into the sea, which sea from his name hath bene since called mare Myrtæum.

(1) Augustus Cæsar, after Brittainy was vanquished, employed many of the captive Brittaines in servile offices about the Theater: he bestowed also upon those Theaters diverse flags of rich price, in which were woven his victories and triumphs. These flags were carried by the captive Brittaines, bearing the history of their owne conquest: but sure it is, the Poet in this place names Brittaines for any other barbarous nation; for Augustus, though he had many triumphs over severall barbarous nations, yet never

conquer'd nor triumphed over Brittain.

(c) By the name of Quirinus in this place the Poet meaneth Augustus Cæsar, and that not farre fetch'd, nor farre from reason, but more for the Emperours true honour; for Suetonius Tranquillus in the life of Augustus, speaketh thus: Three parties of the people by the Senats consent offered on a time three names to Octavius; the names of Quirinus, Augustus and Cæsar: he fearing lest if he should choose one, he should displease the other two parties, accept'd them all: He was first called Quirinus, afterward Cæsar, and last of all Augustus; in which name he ever remained; and Virgil gives him all these names.

(d) This great flow of warre from Nile our Poet meanes when Marcus Antonius, and Cleopatra came downe from thence to

encounter Augustus Cæsar at Actium; to which warre they brought wonderfull power: for Marcus Antonius besides the ayde of ten Kings, which served him at that time, and all the strength of Cleopatra, had nineteene whole Roman legions, and twelve thousand horsemen: his strength at sea was five hundred sayle of fighting ships. In this battell they were vanquished by Augustus Cæsar.

(c) After the victory of Actium, Augustus Cæsar marcht with a great strength towards divers nations; who easily yeelded unto him. The Indians & Scythians (saith Suetonius Tranquillus) hearing of his name onely begged his favour. The Parthians themselves yeelded without resistance, and their king Phraartes did homage to Augustus, gave him hostages, and delivered backe all  
those

those *Romane ensignes* which they before had taken in warre from *Marcus Crassus*, and *Marcus Antonius* the *Triumvir*.

(1) The horses here mentioned, and so famed in Poetry, were these: the horses of *Castor* and *Pollux* called *Xanthus* and *Cyllarus*: the horses of *Mars* called *Dimos* and *Phobos*: and the horses of *Achilles*, called *Xanthus* and *Aethon*.

(2) The fable is thus: *Saturne* was in love with *Philyra* the daughter of *Oceanus* and *Thetis*: shee, to avoid the rape, was transformed by her parents into a *Mare*; upon which *Saturne* turned himselfe into a stately *Courser*, and so enjoyed the *Nymph*: in which shape also hee deceived his wife *Ops*, who came thither of purpose to finde him out, and discover the fact. of which conjunction of *Saturne* and *Phylira*, the Poets reported

reported that Chiron the Centaure was borne.

(h) As the Theſſalians were the firſt of all that ever invented the uſe of riding on horſe-backe; ſo Eriſthonius was the firſt that taught poſteritie the way of joyning horſes together in Chariots. This Eriſthonius was the ſonne of Vulcan, a man of a goodly perſonage, but deformed onely in his feete, which were like the feet of a Serpent. Hee to hide this deformity, invented Chariots, wherein hee might ride, and nothing of him but his upper parts expoſed to the view.

(i) Peletronium is a towne in Theſſaly, where the uſe of taming and riding horſes was firſt found: for on a time when Theſſalus the king of that countrey was much diſpleaſed that his Ballocks ran ſo ſaſe away.  
(for

(for it should seeme the horse-fly had stung them) he commanded his men, which wayted on him, to run after them, and stop their flight: they being not able to overtake the swiftnesse of the Bullocks, took up on the sudden a new invention; they mounted themselves upon horses backs, and so with ease overtooke and turned them. These men espi- ed by some of the neighbouring people, either as they rode swiftly by, or else as their horses bowed downe their heads to drinke of the ri- ver Penens, gave way to that old fable of the Centaures: for the people were had an opi- nion that they were halfe men and halfe horses. But the name of Centaure was therefore given them, and in *lingua nostra* *Centaurus*, because those men, when first they rode on horses were driving of Bullocks.

(k) *Pornia* is the *Citis*, of which *Glancus*

was,

was, who (as the Poets fained) despised the sacrifices and service of Venus. The goddess angry with his contempt, sent a madnesse to possesse the Mares which drew his Chariot; who turning upon their Master, tore him to pieces. The cause of this fiction that Venus should send a madnesse into them, is this: Glaucus to make his Mares the swifter and fuller of mettall, kept them from venery, which made his Mares so furious, that their ungovern'd spirit turned to the destruction of their Master.

(1) Virgil speaking in this place of the plague among cattell, ingeniously supposeth that this was the same time, wherein that famous history of Herodotus was verified. It was the custome for the Votariesse or Priest of Argos to ride to the Temple of Iuno, drawne by two Oxen upon fest:vall dayes.

But



But when it so befell upon a solemne day that no Oxen could be found to draw her (the plague having consumed the cattell in that countrey) her two sonnes Cleobis and Biton put the yokes upon their neckes, and drew their mother to the temple. The goddess Iuno, moved with so great a piety in these two young men, offered their mother that whatsoever shee would pray for in her sonnes behalfe, it should be granted. The mother with a pious answer entreated the goddess that whatsoever she knew the most happy for mortall men, shee would be pleased to grant unto her sonnes: the next morning the two young men were both found dead; from whence it was generally concluded that nothing was so happy for a man as to dye.

FINIS.



## GEORGICON.

## The fourth B O O K E.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*T*his book describes the Bees industrious state;  
By what chaste wondrous means they propa-  
Their kind, & breed their common progeny (gate  
Their age, their natures and strange industry;  
Their wars and furious factions; & how they  
By lawes of iustice governe, and obey  
In their monarchike state. Their maladies,  
And cures; and how to make a swarm of Bees  
When all thy stock is quite consum'd to nought.  
Sad Aristæus by his mother taught  
Kinde's fast shape-changing Proteus; who alone  
Tells him what caus'd his Bees destruction.  
Orpheus bewails his wife; his musicks straine  
Charms hell, and brings Eurydice againe  
From thence; againe fond love loses her quite;  
Sad Orpheus now in endlesse wo, by night  
His piece-meale turne in Bacchus sacrifice

*By Thracian dames, whose beds he did despise,  
Taught Aristæus doth to them ordaine  
A sacrifice, and findes his Bees againe.*

**A**eriall Honey next, a gift divine  
Alle sing; *Mecenas*, grace this piece of mine.  
Admired spectacles of Creatures small,  
Their valiant Captaines, and in order all  
Their Nations, Manners, Studies, People, Fight,  
I will describe; nor think the Glory slight,  
Though slight the Subiect be, to him, whom ere  
Th' invoked gods, and pleas'd *Apollo* heare.  
First for your Hives a sitting station finde  
Shelter'd from windes rough violence, for winde  
Hinders their carriage; let no Sheep there play,  
Nor frisking Kids the flowery meadowes lay,  
Nor wanton Heifers neare the hiving place  
Strike off the dew, nor tread the springing grasse.  
Let speckled Lizzards thence be far away,  
The Woodpeckers, and other Birds of prey,  
And Progne marked on her stained breast  
With bloody hands; for she to feed her nest  
Seizes the flying Bees, and thither bring  
As sweetest food; but near pure *Chylus* bring

*Greene*

Green mossie fountaines fill your Bee-hives place;  
And streames that glide along the Verdant grasse,  
Shaded with palms, or spreading olive trees; (bees,  
That when new kings draw out their swarming  
And sit their combes dismiss'd in spring they play,  
The neighboring banks may then invite their stay,  
Cooling their heat, and trees so near the hive  
A green, and shady coverture may give.  
Into the poole, whether it stand, or flow,  
Great stones across, and Willow branches throw  
As bridges for the Bees to stand upon,  
And spread their wings against the Summer sun (the  
When strong Eastwindes by chance have scatter'd  
In coming home, or drown'd them in the stream;  
Let beds of Violets, and wilde Betony,  
Greene Cinnamon, and fragrant savory  
Grow round about the spring. But whether you  
To make your hives, trees barked together low,  
Or hives of limber Osyars woven get;  
Make the mouth narrow, lest the summers heat  
Dissolve the honey, or cold winter freeze;  
For both extreames alike annoy the Bees.  
Nor is it in vaine that they with all their powers  
Dunbe up each chunck with waxe, & fill with flowers

H

Each

Each breathing hole, and to that end prepare  
A glew more clammy than all birdlime farre,  
And Phrygian Ida's pitch; and under ground  
(If fame speak truly) Bees have oft been found  
Breeding in digged caves, and oft been known  
In holes of trees, and bollow pumice stone.  
But daube thou vp the chinky hives with clay,  
To keep them warme, and leaves above them lay.  
Neere to the hives let no deep waters flow,  
Nor crabs be drest, nor poisonous yew-trees grow.  
Or where mud standing stinkes, or eccho's bound  
From hollow rocks with their reflected sound.  
But when bright Sol hath banish'd Winter chas'd  
Vnder the earth, and Summer light hath grac'd  
The sky againe; over the fields, and woods  
They wander straight, lightly the brinkes of floods  
They sip and tast the purple flowers; from thence  
(What sweetnesse ere it be that stir their sence)  
Care for their broode, and progeny they take;  
Thence work their waxe, and hony clammy make.  
Then when dismiss'd their hives, vp to the sky  
In Summer ayre thou seest them swarming fly,  
Wondring to view dark clouds driven by the wind,  
Then mark the well, they go sweet streams to find.

And

And leavie bowers; upon this place do thou  
Base honey-suckles, and beaten milke-foile strow:  
And round about let tincking brasse resound;  
Their farther progresse this charmd place will bound.  
There they will make their stand, or else desire  
Back to their own known lodgings to retire.  
But if they chance to sally out to wars  
(As oft two kings have caused mortall iars)  
The common Bees affections straight are found,  
And trembling hearts to fight that marriall sound  
Of brasse checks their delay, and then a voice  
Is heard resembling trumpets winding noise. (wings,  
Then straight they muster, spread their glittering  
And with their beaks whet their dead-doing stings.  
Then to the standard royall all repaire  
About their king, and loudly buzzing dare  
Their foes to appeare; in weather clear, and faire  
They sally forth: their battels ioyne i' th' ayre.  
The Welkin's fill'd with noise; they grapple all,  
And grappling so in clusters head long fall;  
Haile from the winters sky falls not so fast,  
Nor shaken oakes so thick do shed their mast.  
In midst of th' armies with bright glorious wings,  
And mighty spirits fly the daring kings

(Though bodies small) resolved not to yeeld,  
Till one side vanquish't have forsooke the field.  
Wouldst thou this fight, and furious heate allay?  
A little dust thrown up will part the fray.

But when both kings drawn home from battel be,  
Kill him that seemes the worst, lest thriflesse he  
Do hurt, and let the other reigne alone.

(For of two sorts they are) one fairely knowne  
By glittering specks of gold, and scales of bright  
But ruddy hue. This fairest to the fight  
Is best: by sloth the other's nasty growne,  
And hangs his large unweildy belly downe.  
Different, as are the kings, the subiects are.  
Some foule and filthy, like the traveller,  
That comes from dusty waies, and dirt doth spit  
From his dry throate: the other gold-like bright.  
With well proportion'd spots his limbes are deckt.  
This is the better broode; from these expect  
Honey at certaine seasons of the yeare  
Most sweet, and yet not sweet alone, but cleare,  
And such as *Bacchus* hardnesse will allay.  
But when in th' aire the swarmes at randome play  
Scorning their combes, forsaking their cold hives;  
Dost thou from this vaine sport desire to drive

Their



Their wādring thoughts; not toilsome is the pain,  
Clip but the princes wings; whilst he remaines  
Within, no common Bee will dare to make  
High flight, nor th' ensignes frō the campe to take:  
Let Saffron gardens odoriferous,  
Which th' image of Lampfacian Priapus  
Guards with his hooke of willow to affright  
Both Theeves, and hurtfull Fowles, the Bees invite.  
Let him himselfe, which feares his Bees to want,  
Bring Thyme, & Pines down frō the hills, to plant,  
Wearing his hands with labour hard, and round  
Bestow a friendly watering on the ground.

And did I not now neer my labours end  
Strike saile, and hasting to the harbour tend,  
Perchance how fruitfull gardens may be drest  
I'd teach, and sing of twice rose-bearing Pest:  
How Succory by waters prospers well,  
On grasse how bending Cucumbers do swell,  
And bankes of Persley Greene: besides to show  
How the late blooming Daffodils do grow  
I would not faile, and twigs of Beares-foot slow,  
Shore loving Myrtles, and pale Ivie too.  
For where Tarentum's lofty Turrets stand,  
Where slow Galeus soakes the fallow Land,

I saw an old Cilician, who possessest  
Few akers of neglected ground undrest,  
Not fit to pasture beasts, nor vines to beare:  
Yet he among the bushes here, and there  
Gathering few pot-herbs, vervaine, li lies white,  
And wholesome poppey, in his mindes delight  
Equall'd the wealth of Kings, and comming still  
Late home at night, with meat unbought, did fill  
His laden board: he gather'd first of all  
Roses in spring, and apples in the fall.  
And when sad winter with extreamest cold  
Crack'd even the stones, & course of fouds did hold  
With bridling ice, he then pluck'd leaves of soft  
Beares-foot, and check'd the springs delayings oft,  
And Zephyres sloath. He therefore first was found  
With fruitfull Bees, and swarmes still to abound,  
And froathy hony from the combes could squeeze.  
He still had fruitfull vines, and linden trees.  
And for each blossome, which first cloath'd the tree  
An apple ripe in Autumne gather'd he.  
He could to order old grown Elmes transpose,  
Old peare trees hard, & black thorne bearing flocks,  
The plaine tree too, that drinking shade bestows,  
But too much straighten'd, I must now forsake  
This

This task for others afterward to take.  
 And now Ile show those natures, which on Bees  
 Great love himfelfe beftow'd: for what ftrange feed  
 Following a tinckling noife, and brazen ring  
 In Cretan caves they nourish'd heavens high King.  
 Bees only live in common-wealths, and Bees  
 Only in common hold their progenies:  
 Live by lawes conftant, and their own abodes  
 Certainly know, and certain houfhould gods:  
 And mindfull of enfuing winter, they  
 Labour in fummer, and in publike lay  
 Up their provifion. Some for gathering foods  
 Are by the ftates commiffion fent abroad  
 To labour in the fields: fome ftill at home  
 Lay the foundations of the honey combe  
 Of glue, tree-gumme, and faire Narciffus rearer  
 Then to the top they faften every where  
 Their clammy waxe: care for their brood fome take  
 (The nations hope): fome pureft honey make,  
 Till th' honey combe with cleareft Nectar fwels.  
 Some lot appoints to ftand as centinels,  
 And to forefee the fhower, and ftormes to come  
 They watch by turns: thofe that come laden home  
 Some cafe: or ioyning all their ftrengths in one

Far from the hive they chase the lazie Drone.  
To work they fall : their fragrant honeyes hold  
A sent of Thyme ; as when the Cyclops mould  
Jove's thunder frō th' hard-yeelding masse in haist,  
Some take and pay againe the windy blast  
From bull-hide bellowes : others in the lakes  
Do quench the hizzing irons ; Aetna shakes  
With weight of anviles ; whilst their armes so strōge  
In order strike, and with hard-holding tongs  
The iron turne ; such inbred thrifty care  
(If little things with great we may compare)  
Each in his function Bees of Athens take.  
The elder keep within the townes, and make  
Dædalian fabrieks to adorne the combe ;  
But late returne the younger weary home  
Their thighs laden with Thyme : they feed upon  
Wildings, greene Willowes, Saffron, Cinnamon,  
Pale Hyacinths, and fruitfull Linden trees.  
One time of work, and rest have all the Bees.  
Forth in the morne they goe, and when late night  
Bids them leave gathering, home they take their  
And there refresh their bodies thē a sound, (flight,  
And buzzing's heard about th'hives confines round.  
But when they all are lodg'd in silence deep

They rest, their weary senses charm'd by sleep.  
Nor stray they far when clouds orecast the skyes,  
Nor trust the weather when Eastwindes arise.  
But neare their Cities short excursions make,  
And safely water, or small pebbles take  
(As in rough seas with sand the Vessels light  
Ballast themselves) to poize their wandering flight.  
But at that wondrous way you must admire  
By which Bees breede: they feele not *Venus* fire,  
Nor are dissolv'd in lust, nor yet endure  
The paines of childing travell: but from pure  
Sweet flowers, & Herbs their progeny they bring  
Home in their mouths. They all elect their king,  
And little nobles; their wax manions  
And courts they build; & oft 'gainst hardest stones  
They fret their wings, and spoile them as they fly,  
And gladly under their sweet burthens dy:  
So great's their love of flowers, ambition too  
They have of making Honey. Therefore though  
Their lives be short (as not above the space  
Of seven yeares) yet their immortall race  
Remaines; the fortunes of their houses hold;  
For many yeares are grand-fires grand-fires told.  
Besides not *Aegypt*, nor rich *Lydia* more,

Nor

Nor Medes, nor Parthians do their kings adore;  
Whilst he's alive, in concord all obey;  
But when he dyes, all leagues are broke, and they  
Themselves destroy their gathered food at home,  
And rend the fabrick of their hony combe.  
Tis he preserves their workes; him all admire,  
And guard his person with a strong desire:  
They carry him, for him they hazzard death,  
And think in war they nobly lose their breath.  
Noting these signes, and tokens, some define  
The Bees partakers of a soule divine,  
And heavenly spirit; for the godhead is  
Diffus'd through earth, through seas, & lofty skies.  
From hence all beasts, men, cattel, all that live,  
All that are borne their subtle soules receive.  
Hither againe they are restor'd, not dy,  
But when dissolv'd, returne, and gladly fly  
Vp to the stars; in heaven above they live.  
But when thou wouldst open the stately hive,  
And rob their hoarded honey treasury,  
Then first of all throw water silently,  
And with thine hand send in pursuing smoke.  
Twice in the yeare for honey harvests look:  
First when Taygetes beauteous visage makes

Earb.

Earth glad, and th' Oceans scorned floods forsakes:  
Again, when she the Southerne fish doth fly,  
To winter seas descending heavily.  
But Bees offended wondrous wrath conceive  
Inspiring venom where they sting, and leave  
Fixt to the veines their undiscerned speare  
Within the wound, themselves expiring there.  
But if thou fear a Winter hard, and make  
Spare for the future time, or pity take  
On their dejected spirits, and false estate:  
Give them cut waxe, and thyme suffumigate.  
For oft base Lizzards eate the hony combe,  
And to the hives night-loving Beetles come;  
And Drones, that freely sit at others meate;  
Or with unequall strength fierce Hornets beate  
The Bees: or Moths of a dire kind: or close  
About the door her net-like cobwebs loose  
The Pallas-hated Spider spins. The more  
They thus are ruin'd to repaire the store  
Of their lost nation, all their utmost powers  
Themselves do use, and fill their hives with flowers.  
But if their bodies be diseas'd (as Bees  
By life are subiect to our meladies)  
Which may by signes infallible be known;

The

The sick straight lose their colour, and are grown  
Deform'd with leanenesse: they in wofull wise  
Beare forth their dead with solemne obsequies.  
Or cloister'd else within their houses they  
Sadly containe themselves, or lingring stay  
About the doore, in clusters taking hold,  
Famish'd, and faint, and feeble by the told.  
Then a sad broken sound, and groaning 's heard,  
As windes do murmur in a Forrest stirr'd,  
As seas do roare, the tide by windes oppos'd,  
Or raging fire within a furnace clos'd.  
For this of gums a fumigation use,  
And into th' hive in pipes of reed infuse  
Hony, & invite them to a well-known food;  
With these the tast of beaten gale is good;  
Dry'd roses too, and thick decocted wine,  
With loose hung clusters from the Pſythian vine,  
Cecropian Thyme, strong Centorie, withall  
A flower, which Husbandmen Amello call,  
Most easie to be found, in meadowes growes,  
For from one roote he spreads a wood of boughes.  
Whose many leaves, although the flower be gold,  
Black Violets dimme purple colour hold.  
Whence wreaths have oft the gods his altars deckt.  
Sharpe.



Sharp-tasted in the mouth; shepherds collect  
These flowers beside faire Mella's crooked stream,  
On plaine unwooded Valleyes. Rootes of them  
Boile in sweet wine, and set provision store  
In baskets full before the Bee-hive doore.  
But if that any his whole broode of Bees  
Have on the suddain lost, and no way sees  
To raise another stock, He now declare  
Th' Arcadian master's old invention rare,  
And from fables first beginning make it plaine  
From blood-corrupted of bruis'd Bullocks slaine,  
How Bees have oft been born. For where from old  
The happy people of Canopus hold,  
Their Countrey cover'd with Niles fruitfull flow,  
And ore their lands in painted Frigots go,  
Neer to the bounds of quiver'd Persia,  
Where Nile returned from black India,  
With slime makes fruitfull Egypes Verdant plaine;  
And in seven channels falls into the maine,  
All that whole region in this art repose  
A certaine remedy. And first they choose  
A little house, which to that end they build,  
Clos'd in strong wals, guttur'd, and strongly up'd  
'Gainst the foure quarters of the winde they make  
Foure

Four windowes lending oblique light; then take  
A tender horned Steere of two yeares old,  
And stop his breath, his mouth, and nostrils hold,  
Till struggling so with beating kill'd he fall,  
Through his whole skin his bowels bruised all.  
Then in that narrow roome so closely shut  
They leave the body, and beneath it put  
Sweet Thyme, fresh Cinnamon, and other boughs,  
When Zephyre first upon the water blowes:  
Before the spring with flowers the meadows gild,  
Or twittering Swallowes on the rafters build.  
Then th' heated moisture in the tender bones  
Doth boile, and (wondrous to be seen) at once  
So many animals together brings,  
First without feet, after with feet, and wings,  
And take th' aire more, and more, til like a shewre,  
Which down a frö Summer clouds doth fiercely powre,  
Or like a storme of Shafts, which Parthians shoot  
Against their Foes, a swarme of Bees break out.  
What god, O Muse, to us this art hath taught?  
What act of man this new experience brought?  
When *Aristæus* sad from Tempe fled,  
His Bees by hunger and diseases dead,  
Beside the sacred spring of Peneus

Plaining.

Plaining he stood, and tax'd his mother thus,  
Mother Cyrene, Mother whose abodes  
Are in this flood, why from the line of gods  
(If *Phœbus*, as thou sayest, my Father be)  
Broughst thou me forth abhor'd by destinie?  
Oh whither now is fled a mothers love?  
Why didst thou bid me hope for heaven above?  
When lo those ioyes, which mortall life did bring,  
Which Bees, and Cornes industrious husbanding  
With all my care could but procure, is gone  
Though thou my Mother be. Nay, nay, go on,  
With thine own hand fell off my growing woods,  
My harvests blast, by fire consume my goods,  
My barnes, and corn, my spreading vines cut down  
If thou so envious of my praise be grown.

But from her bower his mother heard the sound  
Vnder the flood; the Nymphs about her round  
Span green Milesian wooll. Dishevell'd haire  
Adorn'd their ivorie necks, *Dryas* the faire,  
*Xantho*, *Ligea*, and *Phyllodoe*,  
*Nesæ*, *Spio*, and *Cymadoce*;  
*Cydippe*, and bright *Licorias*, one a maide,  
Th' ether then first had felt *Lucina's* aide.  
*Cla*, and *Serps* sea-borne sisters both,

Both

Both guirt with gold, in painted mantles both.  
Ephyre, Opis, Deiopeia too  
Of Asia, and *Arethusa* now  
At last growne swift since she her quiver left.  
To these did *Chimene* tell the pleasing theft,  
And flights of *Mars*, with *Vulcan*'s bootlesse feares,  
And from the Chaos number'd to their eares  
The loves of gods. Whilst pleas'd with what she told  
The rocks of wooll they on their spindles rowl'd.  
Againe the plaints of *Aristaeus* pierc't  
His mothers care; but *Arethusa* first  
Of all the Nymphs above the water show'd  
Her beauteous head, and far off cry'd aloud  
Sister, *Cyrene*, twas no causlesse feare  
That sound procur'd; thine *Aristaeus* dear  
Weeping beside old *Peneus* streame remains,  
And of thy cruelty by name complains.  
Struck with new feares his mother answer'd thus  
Bring him (quoth she) bring him along to us.  
He may of right enter the rooffe of gods.  
Then by command she straight divides the floods  
To make him reome to passe: the swelling flood  
Like a steep mountaine round about him stood:  
In that vast gulfe receiv'd he was convey'd

Down

Down vnder ground, and wondring there survey'd  
 His mothers watery bower, lakes closely held  
 In caves, and sounding woods, and there beheld  
 (Astonished to heare that horrid sound  
 That waters motion made) how vnder ground  
 In severall places rivers did commence,  
 Phasis, and Lycus, and the spring, from whence  
 The deep Enipeus breakes, whence Tyber is,  
 Myſian Caicus, ſtony Hypanis,  
 And Anrio, golden Eridanius  
 With bull-like hornes; no ſtreame more furious  
 Doth run, nor falls more violent than he  
 Into the purple Adriaticke ſea:  
 When to his mothers bower of pumice ſtone  
 He came, and ſhe perceiv'd his cauſſeſſe mone:  
 The Nymphs clear water, and fine towels bring  
 To cleaſe his hands with, ſome replenishing  
 The cups, while ſome the feaſting tables fill,  
 With frankincenſe the altars ſmoking ſtill.  
 Here take theſe cups of wine (his mother ſaid)  
 Let's ſacrifice to th' Ocean; then ſhe pray'd  
 Vnto Oceanus, father of all things,  
 And Nymphs her ſiſters, who the woods, & ſprings  
 By hundreds keep. Thrice on the fire ſhe threw  
 1 Nectars

Nectar: to th' rooffe the flame thrice upward flew.  
Confirmed with this Omen thus begun;  
Cyrene; in Carpathian Ices, my sonne,  
Great Neptune's Prophet (*8*) Proteus abides,  
Who ore the Maine in his blew chariot rides  
By horse-fish drawne; who now againe resorts  
To his Pallene, and th' Æmathan ports:  
Him aged Nereus, and we Nymphs adore;  
For he knowes all things, things that heretofore  
Have been, that are, and shall hereafter be.  
For so to Neptune it seem'd good, that he  
His heards of fish might under water guide,  
And great Sea-calves. He must in chaines be tied  
By thee, my sonne, to shew the cause thy Bees  
Are dead, and give thee prosp'rous remedies.  
Without compulsion he will nothing tell,  
Nor can entreaties move him; binde him well,  
And hard, and all his tricks will vanish soone.  
When *Sol* is mounted to his height at noone,  
When grasse is dry, and cattell seeke the shade,  
He bring thee thither, where thou shalt invade  
The aged Prophet, when his private sleep  
He takes, retired weary from the deep.  
But when thou bind'st him, to delude thine eyes;

In severall shapes he will himselfe disguise,  
A scaly Dragon, or fierce Tyger be,  
Or Bore, or tawny Lionesse will be,  
Or take the noise, and shew of fire to scape,  
Or slide away in liquid waters shape.  
But, sonne, the more in shapes he varies still,  
Before the harder hold thy cords, untill (keep  
Chang'd fro those figures, that first shape <sup>(h)</sup> he  
In which thou saw'st him lying down to sleep.  
This said, th' annoints the body of her sonne,  
With sweete Ambrosian odours; whence anone  
An heavenly ayre exhaled from his head,  
And able vigour through his limbes was spread.  
Within an eaten Mountaines hollow side  
Is a vast cave, where water driven by tide  
Doth into turning gulfes it selfe divide,  
An harbour safe to storme-toft Marriners:  
Within blew *Proteus* under stony bars  
Shut up, and guarded lyes. Here far from sight  
In a darke nooke averted from the light  
There plac'd her sonne; her selfe away  
Vanish'd obscur'd in clouds. At noone of day,  
When now the scorching dog-star from the sky  
The thirsty Indians burn'd, the grasse was dry,  
And

And the sun-beames as low as to the ground  
Boil'd luke-warm rivers, though the most profound.  
*Proteus* from sea to this accustom'd ground  
Retires himselfe; the scaly Nation round  
Playing about him, far salt dew do throw;  
The Calves on shore do severally bestow  
Themselves to sleep, whilst he upon a rock  
Amidst them sits, and numbers all the flock,  
Like to an Heard, when from the mountains home  
Vnto their stals his Calves from feeding come,  
And wolves are whetted with the lambs loud bleats.  
When *Arillus* this occasion gets,  
Scarce suffering the old Prophet to compose  
His weary limbes, in with a shout he goes  
Vpon him straight, and bindes him as he lyes.  
He not unmindefull of his old devise  
All his strange shapes assumes in order ore,  
A flaming fire, a flood, a tusked bore.  
But when no cunning could procure his scape,  
Vanquish't at last, in his owne humane shape  
He speaks; Who sent thee hither to my cave (have?  
Thou bold young man? or here what wouldst thou  
Thou knowst my mind, I' *roteus*, thou knowst (quoth  
Intend it not, thou canst not coulen me. (he)  
Follow.



Following the gods command, hither come I  
For my lost goods to seek a remedie.  
When thus he spake, the Prophet much compell'd,  
Scowling with his green eyes, with anger swell'd,  
And chafing thus at last gan propheticke:  
The wrath of some great god doth follow thee  
For great misdeeds. To thee this punishment  
(Though not so great as thou deseru'st) is sent  
From wretched *Orpheus*, unless fates resist,  
Who still in wrath for his dear wife persists.  
When from thy lust she fled, she never spy'd  
A water-snake, by whose fell sting she dy'd,  
Lurking upon the grassie banke: But all  
The Dryades at her sad funerall  
Wept on the mountaines, high *Pangra*, and  
The *Rodepeian* towers, and warlike land  
Of *Rhæsus*, *Hebrus*, and the *Getes* for wo  
Wept, and *Athenian Orythia* too.  
But he himselfe his sicke soule solacing,  
Ofte to his warbling instrument would sing  
Of thee, sweet wife; thou on the shore alone  
Morning and night wert subiect of his mone.  
He through the darke, & fearfull wood did venter,  
*Tanarus* iawes, and *Pluto's* cave to enter;

And to the Ghosts, and their grim king he went,  
Hearts that to humane prayers did nere relent.  
But from all parts of hell the ghosts, and throng  
Of livelesse shadows moved by his song  
Came forth, as many thousands, as a flight  
Of little birds into the woods, whom night,  
Or showres approaching thither drive in shoals,  
The ghosts of men and women, the great soules  
Of Heroes, Virgins, and of Boyes were there,  
And Youths, that tomb'd before their parents were,  
Whom foule Cocytus reedlesse bankes enclose,  
And that blacke muddy poole, that never flowes,  
And Styx nine times about it rowles his waves.  
But all hels innost vaults, and torturing caves  
Amazed stood; th' Eumenides forbear  
To menace now with their blew snaky haire:  
Three-mouthed *Cerberus* to bark refraines:  
*Ixion's* racking wheele unmov'd remaines.  
Now coming back all dangers past had be,  
Behinde him follow'd his *Eurydice*  
Restor'd to life (for this condition  
*Proserpina* had made) when lo anon  
Forgetfull love a suddaine frenzy wrought,  
Yet to be pardon'd, could *Fiends* pardon ought.

Necr

Neere to the light (alas) forgetfull he  
 Love-sicke, look'd backe on his *Eurydice*.  
 That action frustrates all the paines he tooke,  
 The ruthlesse tyrant's covenant is broke,  
 And thrice *Avernus* horrid lake resounds.  
*Orpheus* (quoth she) what madnesse thus confounds  
 Thy wretched selfe, and me? sterne fates surpris  
 Me back againe; deaths slumbers close mine eyes.  
 Farewell; thus hurry'd in black night I go;  
 This saide, her aëry hands she lifts, and so  
 As smoake fleetes into ayre, she vanisht there  
 (Now his no more) and left him clasping th' ayre,  
 Offring replyes in vaine: nor more alas  
 Would churlish *Charon* suffer him to passe.  
 What should he do his wife twice lost? how move  
 The Fiends with tears, with prayers the gods above?  
 His wife now cold was ferry'd thence away  
 In *Charons* boate. But he seven moneths (they say)  
 Weeping besides forsaken *Strymons* waves  
 Vnder the cold, and solitary caves  
 To ruthlesse rocks did his mishaps lament,  
 That trees were mov'd, and Tygers did relent.)  
 As *Phileas* in shady *Poplar* tree  
 Wailing her young ones losse, whom cruelly

A watching Husbandman, ere sledge for flight,  
Took from her nest. She spends in griefe the night,  
And from a bough sings forth her sorrow there  
With sad complaints filling the places neere.  
No *Venus* now, nor *Hymenæan* rites  
Could move his minde; wandering in wofull plight  
Where on *Rhipæan* fields frost ever lyes,  
Ore *Scythian* ice, and snowy *Tanaïs*,  
He there complayn'd of *Pluto's* bootlesse Boone,  
And how how againe *Eurydice* was gone.  
The *Thracian* Dames, whose beds he did despise,  
Raging in *Bacchus* nightly sacrifice,  
Scatter'd him peece-meale ore the fields abroad.  
Yet then when swift *Oeagrian* *Hebrus* flood  
Carry'd the head some from the neck along,  
*Eurydice* his cold, and dying tongue,  
Ah poore *Eurydice* did still resound.  
*Eurydice* the banks did *Eccho* round.  
Thus *Proteus* spake, and leapt into the Maine,  
And where he leapt, beneath his head againe  
The foaming waters rose in bubbles round.  
Fearelesse *Cyrene* with this chearfull sound  
Comforts her sonne; Banish sad cares, my sonne;  
This, this did cause thy Bees destruction:

For

For this the Nymphs, which in the woods did play,  
And dance with her, have tane thy Bees away.  
Bring thou thy offerings humbly, beg thy peace,  
And there adore the easie Dryades;  
For they will pardon, and their wrath remit.  
He teach thee first what way of praying's fit:  
Choose out foure lusty Bulls well shap'd, and fed,  
Which on thy Greene Lycæus top are bred,  
As many Heifers, which nere yoke did beare;  
To these foure altars in the temple reare;  
And from their throats let out the sacred blood,  
And leave their bodies in the leaue wood.  
When the ninth morning after shall arise,  
Lethæan poppy t' *Orpheus* sacrifice,  
Kill a blacke sheep, and th' wood again go see,  
With a slaine Calf appease *Eurydice*.  
Without delay he doth what she direct,  
Comes to the temples, th' altars there erects:  
Foure lusty Bulls well shap'd, and fed he tooke,  
As many Heyfers, that nere bare the yoke:  
When the ninth morning after did arise,  
To *Orpheus* he perform'd his sacrifice,  
And came to th' wood, when lo (strange to be told)  
A sudden wonder they did there behold:

Bees

Bees buzz'd within the Bullocks putrifi'd  
Bowels, and issu'd out their broken sides,  
Making great clouds in th' aire, and taking trees  
Like grapes in clusters, hung whole swarms of bees.

This I of Tillage, Trees, and Cartells care  
Have sung, whilst mighty *Cæsar* in his warre,  
Thundring by great *Euphrates* doth impose  
Lawes on the conquer'd *Parthians*, and goes  
The way to heaven. Then sweet *Parthenope*  
Happy in peacefull studies nourish'd me,  
Who Shepherds layes, and, *Tytirus*, thee young  
Vnder the broade beech covert boldly sung.

FINIS.

Annotations upon the  
fourth B O O K E.

(1) **V**irgil in this fourth Booke, lest any  
businessse of a countrey life should be  
wanting in his Georgicks, beginnes here the  
discourse of Bees; a subject (though small)  
yet, as one observes, written of by many the  
ablest Authours, and in different manner.  
Aristotle first in his booke intituled, De hi-  
storia animalium, had written with much  
subtletie, and depth concerning the Bees na-  
ture. Amongst the Latines, Varro in a  
discourse wondrous for the brevity, hath writ-  
ten fully of them. Iunius Higinus with  
diligence, and walking, as it were, in a spaci-  
ous field hath at large discoursed of the na-  
ture of Bees: he omitteth nothing which the  
ancient Poets have pleasantly fabled of that  
subject.

subject. Cornelius Celsus in an elegant and facetious stile hath made illustration of it. Columella, moderately, and onely (as himselfe confesses) because it is a part of that subject, which he had before began; with no great ardour hath expressed it. And lest it should only be written in prose, our Poet in this place in most elegant Verse, inferiour to none that ever was, entreateth of this small subject.

(b) The King of the Bees (saith one) is usually spotted more than the rest, and of a forme more faire and beautifull. He is twice as bigge as the common Bees; his wings are shorter than theirs, but his legs are straighter and longer; so that his walking up and down the hive is more lofty and full of majesty. Vpon his forehead is a bright spot glittering in manner of a diademe. He wants a sting; armed with nothing but majesty, and a wonderful



great obedience of the other Bees to him. When ever bee goes forth, the whole swarme waite about him, guard him, and suffer him not to be seene. When the common Bees are at their worke, bee walkes to take survey of them, he himselfe only being free from labor. About him still are his guards and officers, whose strength bee uses in punishing the idle and sloathfull Bees. But others are of opinion (who deny the generation of bees without Vener) that this great Bee, called the King, is the onely male in the hve, without whose company there can bee no generation at all: and therefore that all the other bees doe personally flocke, and throng about him, not with respect as to a Prince, but desire as to a Male.

(c) It was, as most know, an ancient fable, that Saturne the husband of Ops, and  
fa-

father of Iupiter was accustomed to devour his owne children when they were brought forth (the reason of it, was, because Saturne was named the god of time, and all times passing and returning revolve againe into themselves) which gave occasion to this historie; when Iupiter was borne, his mother Ops fearing the cruelty of her husband to him, concealed his birth, and the Cretans for feare that Saturne should beare the childery, rang their brazen pans and kettles; which noise the bees following came to the place where the infant was, and fed him there with honey: Iupiter for so great a benefit, bestowed on his nurses for a reward this admirable gift, that they should have young ones, and continue their kinde without wasting themselves in Venery. Others report, that Iupiter being much in love with a faire Nymph called

called Meliffa, turned her into a bee, and for her sake bestowed priviledges upon the bees.

(d) The place where bees first were, is doubted of; some report it was Crete, where those were which nourished Iupiter; others say they were first seen in Thessaly in the time of the reigne of Aristæus there; others make Hymetta, a sweet hill neer Athens, the place; others Hybla an hill in Sicily: all which places are by Poets famed for nourishing of bees.

Manerunt. (e) A most admirable discipline, if it may bee credited: as soone as morning appeares, one bee, whose office it is, goes about the hive, and with three or foure loud buzzes, in stead of a bell or trumpet, awakens them from sleep: upon whose warning, they all arise, and fly abroad unto their labor of gathering honey, or other employments; when evening returns again, and they come home

home laden with honey; after some short respite, the same bee, or some other in his turn, with the like buzze commandeth them all to rest (after the manner of Cities) except such as are appointed to watch and ward.

(f) This history of Aristaeus the son of Apollo, and the Nymph Cyrene (before mentioned) the first finder of the use of bee, was not intended by the Poet to be here inserted; this part of the booke was all compiled in honour of Cornelius Gallus a Roman Gentleman, the first governor of Egypt under Augustus Caesar (when Caesar after the death of Cleopatra had turned the kingdom of Egypt into a Province). This Gallus was himselfe a famous Poet (though only fragments remaine of him) much beloved of the rest of the Poets, and honoured by Virgil in his *Bucolickes*. But when after-  
ward

ward he fell into a conspiracie against Augu-  
stus, or, as some report it, accused for abusing  
the Province, which he governed, he was  
condemned, and put to death; and Virgil by  
the command of Caesar, altered the halfe of  
his fourth booke, and from the praise of Cor-  
nelius Gallus turned it to the history of A-  
ristæus. The story is plaine, as the Poet has  
here related it; Aristæus in lust desiring to  
ravish Eurydice the wife of Orpheus, and  
she in her flight from him, being stung with a  
serpent, and so killed; Aristæus for his offence  
was punished with the loss of all his stock, in  
which he was richer than any of those times,  
&c.

(8) In this fable of Proteus, Virgil imi-  
tates Homer altogether; or rather bor-  
roweth, where in his *Odyssey* Proteus giveth  
Menelaus instruction; but the history of

K

Proteus

Proteus is thus reported by Herodotus in his *Enterpe*; Proteus was King of Egypt at that time when Paris having raped Helena, was driven with her by a tempest into Egypt. (for when Troy was sacked Helena could not be found there). But Menelaus after the wars of Troy sailed into Egypt; and there being with great courtesy entertained by Proteus, hee received his wife Helena againe. Some report, that Proteus being borne in Egypt fled from the tyranny of cruell Busiris, and came into Thessalia: but others (of whose opinion it should seeme our Poet is) say, that he was borne at Pallene a City of Thessalia; and sailing into Egypt lived for a time there; but afterwards returned againe into Thessalia his native country.

(<sup>n</sup>) Of this fable that Proteus before he was bound, and barred from all his deluding shapes

shapes, could never propheſie, ſome have made a phyſicall conſtruction ; for every man has in himſelfe luſt, folly, cruelty and deceit ; which, as long as they raigne uncontrolled in him, his nobler part, which is nearer to the divinitie, that is his wiſedome, doth not appeare, nor cannot exerciſe her function, untill all theſe are bound ; that is, till a man be freed from thoſe vices. From whence he concludeth, that this Prieſt could not propheſie, nor receive the divinitie into him, untill all theſe, that is, his fiery luſt, his brutiſh cruelty, his wavering lightneſſe of minde, (like fleeting water) were all bound, and had ceaſed in him,

FINIS.